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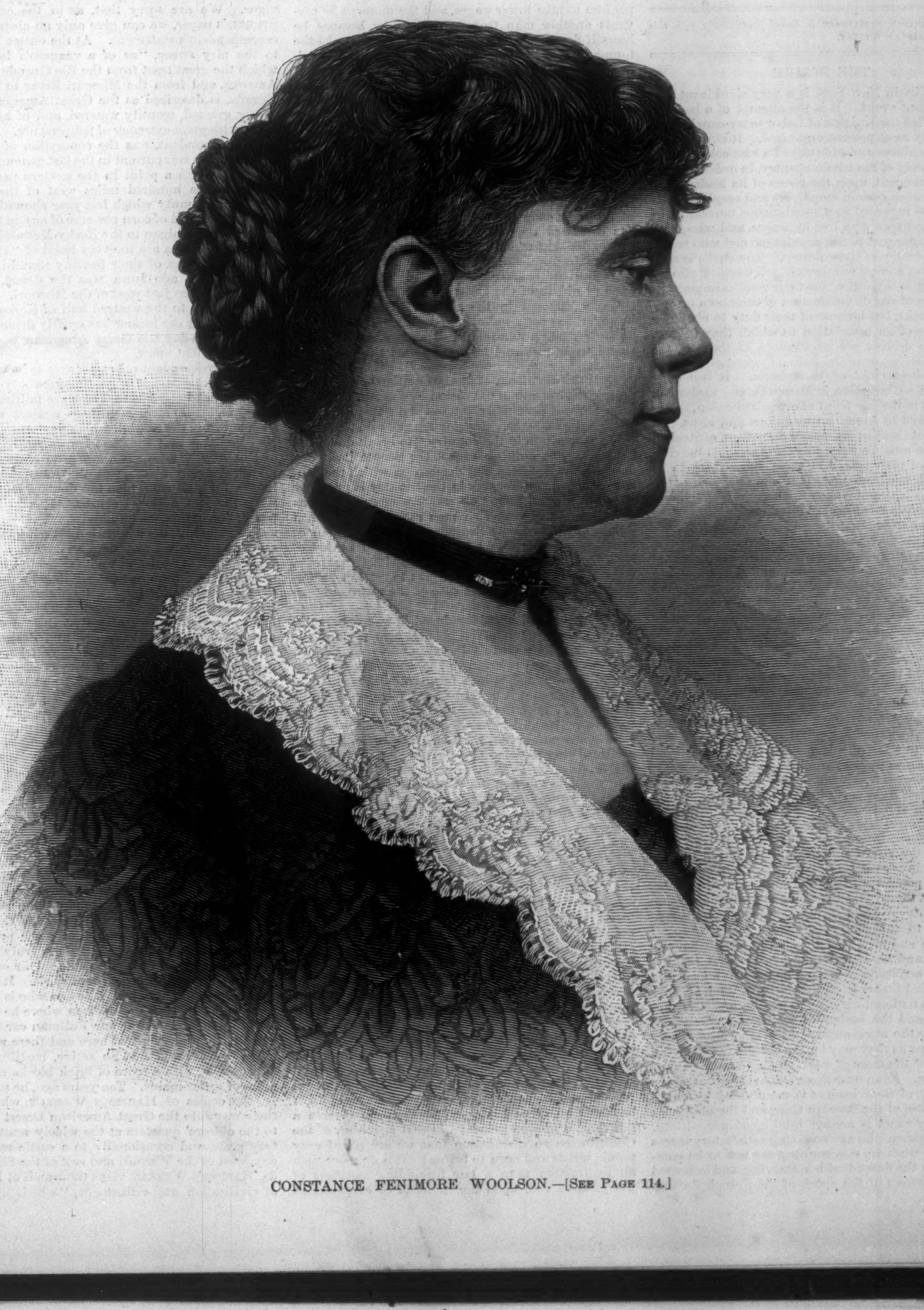

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.—[See Page 114.]

"One of the foremost weeklies for boys and girls published in the English language."—*Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

In the number for February 8 is given the first of a series of short articles under the general title of

HEROES AND MARTYRS OF INVENTION,

BY GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE.

The subject of this article is LAURENCE COSTER, *the discoverer of type printing.*

In the same number is an article by LIEUTENANT FREDERICK SCHWATKA, *called* "*A Hunt for a Young Antelope,*" *with an illustration by* FREDERIC REMINGTON.

MRS. LILLIE'S *serial story,* "*The Colonel's Money,*" *is continued, as also is* MR. MUNKITTRICK'S *amusing tale,* "*The Hurrishoffer.*"

The illustrations in this number are by DIELMAN, REMINGTON, C. J. TAYLOR, MRS. SHEPHERD, MISS McDERMOTT, *etc.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1887.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STRIKE.

THE strike in New York is a very significant and important event. It is the attempt of a body of citizens called the Knights of Labor to try conclusions with society as at present organized. It aims to paralyze the business and industry of a vast community, and ultimately of the whole country, in order to compel the settlement, upon the terms of its leaders, of a dispute between certain employers and employés. It must not be regarded as a spontaneous movement of American citizens who live by wages, and who comprise the larger part of the population, and who represent the industry of the country. The strike is simply the act of a large number of such workers who refuse to work at a point where their work is important, not because of any dissatisfaction of their own or any desire to strike, but because of their duty to obey certain leaders of an association to which they belong, and whose decrees are as absolute as those of the Church of Rome, or of the Italian Carbonari, or of the ancient *Vehmgericht* of Westphalia. It is a body whose whole conception is European and mediæval, and except in the one point of organized union, essentially opposed to American traditions and ideas. It is an absolute and irresponsible despotism, controlled by men who must be judged by their acts and the consequences of their acts, and these show them to be neither wise nor humane. It is none the less, as the experience of a year has shown, a body of great power, and able to do a great deal of mischief.

This is not to say that the ostensible objects of such an association may not be excellent, nor that there is such justice in existing industrial arrangements that every man ought to be satisfied, and that great improvement is not practicable. That the power of combined capital may be cruelly abused, and often is so abused, that there is often great injustice practised by the employer toward the employed, and that there is much and various suffering among the poorer people of this country, as elsewhere, is undeniable. Nor is the right and benefit of organized union among those who contribute labor to the common production, as among those who contribute capital and direction, to be in the least questioned. But all this does not change the fact that a general strike, that is to say, the refusal to work of workmen engaged in one kind of labor because those of another kind refuse to work, just in the degree that it extends, stops the whole labor by which the larger part of the community lives from day to day, and becomes, therefore, practically war upon existing society. The hope of the leaders is that employers thus paralyzed will yield. But the leaders of the strike and their followers do not see that they invoke a contest of mere endurance, in which the poorest must suffer, and consequently array against themselves the combined wrath and force of the country. Even if they could push such a general strike to its logical consequence, a general social convulsion and civil war, they forget that whatever calamities and bloodshed they might cause, there is not such a condition of general oppression and wrong in the United States as to justify revolution. There would be a national uprising to maintain existing institutions, and the leaders of such strikes would be found to be the worst enemy of the laboring-man.

Numerous as they may be, the Knights of Labor do not embrace the mass of working men and women of the country. Even over those whom they control the ascendency of their leaders is maintained by methods like those of the Russian Czar, and the obedience which they exact is neither intelligent nor willing. Men and women who are receiving satisfactory wages for honest work in this country are not to be compared with the down-trodden, starving, and imbruted French laborers of the epoch of the French Revolution. They may see that changes are desirable, but their situation is not such as to make them suppose that the sudden arrest of all industrial activity and the pitiless pinching of poor families is the way to obtain what they desire. The fact that even in New York, where the power of the despotism is greatest and most threatening, there are hosts of unemployed workmen who are ready to take the places of the strikers shows that the strike is the movement of but a portion of the working-men in this city, and that it does not command their general sympathy. A strike is not in itself illegal. But in the form and the extent which is now sought to be given to it it is a deadly blow at republican liberty, because it develops the military spirit among the people, and fosters the disposition for a large standing army. The attempted paralysis of all business because of a dispute between a company and its employés is merely an effort to impose the will of one party to a contract upon the other, without any reference to a disinterested tribunal, and without regard to the right or wrong of the situation. The position now is what it has always been. A man may rightfully refuse to take the wages which are offered him. But he has no more right to compel another man to pay him higher wages than the other man has a right to compel him to take lower wages, and the moment he prevents another man from taking wages because he himself does not think them adequate he attacks the foundation of human society, and denies the American principle of individual liberty.

CONGRESS AND RAILROADS.

IT is remarkable that most of the important bills considered by Congress during this session have not been political bills. The question of the inter-State commerce, of the fisheries, of the railroad attorneys, of the electoral count, are all questions upon which the division of opinion is not partisan. There could be no party caucus upon them, and the party press has discussed them with entire independence. Of these bills, that which prohibits members of Congress from taking professional fees from a railroad which "obtained its charter or any grant of lands or pecuniary aid from the United States" has been very strongly opposed in the Senate. The opposition, however, has been indirect, and sometimes amusing. Senator TELLER announced with an air of heroism that he was prepared to vote against the bill "notwithstanding newspaper clamor." Why clamor? Why is the discussion of public questions by the press more clamorous than discussion by the Senate? Editors are not personally interested in this question, but Senators may be. Senator TELLER said that there was a disposition in the country "to break down the Senate." But nothing except the Senate itself can discredit the Senate. The disposition which the Senator supposes he observes in the country is probably only the general public observation of such facts as the tendency of very rich men rather than trained public men to become Senators, the indisposition of the Senate to investigate such an election as that of Senator PAYNE, and the strong unwillingness of a body largely composed of lawyers to restrict professional discretion, as in the case of the railroad attorney bill.

When this bill was introduced it was apparently not very repugnant to the general sentiment of the Senate, but the vote to take it up was reconsidered, and the bill was referred to the Judiciary Committee, which reported it in a form so extravagant and unreasonable that it could be hardly acceptable to its supporters. Then the tactics of obstruction have been used to postpone its consideration, until the impression is not unfair that for some reason the Senators are unwilling to vote upon the simple proposition of the original bill. That proposition is in substance that the vote to grant aid to railroads and to compel them to conform to their engagements with the government shall not be cast by a body of which some members are in the employment of the roads. This is a perfectly reasonable proposition. If no Senator is employed, his vote would be unrestricted. If he is so employed, he ought not to be allowed to vote upon the question.

The bill is resented as an imputation upon Senatorial honor. This we should admit to be a sound objection if it should be shown that the conduct of all Senators had always proved their unwillingness to vote under the circumstances contemplated by the bill; otherwise they should be the first to support it. But is the law prohibiting members of Congress from practising in the Court of Claims an insult? Is the law prohibiting them from practising before any of the Departments an insult? Can it be any more an insult to prohibit their employment by railroads which are deeply interested in the action of Congress? Is it an imputation upon the honor of an American citizen that the Constitution forbids him, if he holds an office under government, to receive a gift from a foreign prince? Is that provision of the Constitution an insinuation that we are all of easy public virtue and open to bribes? It is no more such an insinuation than a law forbidding members of Congress to vote upon the interests of corporations for which they are specially retained is an imputation upon Congressional honor. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, as we have heretofore mentioned, disposed of his interest in the United States Bank when he was appointed upon the committee to investigate that institution. It was not a foolish sensitiveness or a Quixotic sense of honor which inspired his action. Mr. ADAMS knew that men are generally, even if often unconsciously, biassed by their self-interest; and he knew also that the public consciousness of this fact covered their action in such cases, however honest it might be, with suspicion. To say that as a citizen of the United States every member of Congress may be said to have a personal interest in all legislation is foolish. It is like saying that if a public officer may be justly prohibited from receiving gifts from a foreign prince, he ought not to be allowed to dine with him, since a banquet may be made a form of personal flattery and bribery.

THE FARMER AND THE COW-BOY.

OUR recent sketch of Mr. STURGIS'S paper upon the cattle-men has drawn a good-natured and instructive reply from a correspondent in Nebraska, who states the case of the farmer against the cow-boy with great vigor. We are sorry that, as in the case of Mr. STURGIS'S paper, we can give only an abstract of our correspondent's statement. At the outset he objects to the airy sweep, "as of a vaquero's lasso," with which the great tract from the Rio Grande to British America, and from the Missouri River to the Sierra Nevada, is described as the Great American Desert, thinly grassed, scantily watered, and of an arid climate, with great extremes of temperature. This, says our correspondent, was the conception of this great region which was current in the last generation. But he writes from a point in the western part of "the desert," three hundred miles west of the Missouri River, in a county which last year showed the highest average yield of corn per acre of any in the Northwest, from Michigan to the Rocky Mountains. Kansas and Nebraska are the very heart of "the desert," but the statistics of their fertility sound like fables. "Forty years ago Iowa was the desert. Twenty years ago it was just west of the Missouri. Ten years more drove it to the western half of Kansas and Nebraska." But the farmer has swiftly driven it before him, until to-day the Great American Desert exists only on ancient maps.

Our correspondent raises his eyes as he writes, and sees fields that last year produced seventy-five bushels of corn to the acre. There are millions of such acres, and the farmer protests against slandering such land and the rainfall which produces such crops. He complains that the East knows really very little of this new West, or of those who are making this mythical desert blossom as the rose. There is Nebraska, for instance, which has doubled its population since the last national census. Kansas has now a population of thirteen hundred thousand people. That single State in "the desert" built during the last year more miles of railroad than any other State in the Union, and Nebraska was not far behind her. Good authority in New York asserts that in the last year twenty per cent. of foreign immigrants arriving in New York went to Nebraska. This great current has so flooded the country that the "homesteader" must push on to Colorado to find desirable public lands. The insignificant little town from which our correspondent writes remitted to Washington in the year 1886, to pay for homestead and pre-emption of land, $290,000. The ranchman's object is directly opposed to that of the homesteader, and our correspondent thinks that by misrepresentation he has done as much to retard the settlement of the Territory as the Indian. There has been a bitter conflict, but to-day, he says, the farmer looks upon the ranchman and the Indian as Christian looked upon the impotent giants Pope and Pagan. Fencing has been abandoned, indeed, but not by the free-will of the ranchman. It was the firmness of the President that ended it.

For another part of the great desert Mr. EDWARD ATKINSON speaks. The entire wheat crop of the United States, according to that excellent authority, could be grown on wheat land of the best quality selected from that part of the area of the State of Texas by which that State exceeds the present area of the German Empire. These are truly American statistics, large and incomparable. Our correspondent writes in the same generous spirit. It is difficult to write intelligibly about it to one who is a stranger to "the desert." Upon the spot where he writes you could have seen from your Pullman car four years ago a bleak prairie dotted here and there with cattle. To-day you would find an active, bustling town of 2500 people, with a score of brick blocks and eleven miles of water-mains. Ten years ago, he says, politely, the copies of HARPER'S WEEKLY which found their way into the Great American Desert went only to the officers' quarters at the widely scattered military posts, and occasionally to a cattle ranch. To-day, west of the Missouri and east of the Sierra Nevada, HARPER'S WEEKLY visits thousands of homes full of civilization and refinement, "which make them worthy of it, and it is from one of the least of them that this protest comes." The homesteader and farmer do not suffer, he says, from a temperature appallingly below zero; but they do suffer from misrepresentation. Let the New South have its turn, he says. It deserves it. Then let the voice of the New West be heard; and for the New West, he insists, the *ex parte* testimony of the ranchman is not enough, however honorable and estimable he may personally be.

THE PENSION BILLS.

In the absence of significant party policies with which to appeal to the country, which is the legitimate course of politics, the two parties in Congress seem to be resolved to bribe voters by payments from the national Treasury. The easiest and cheapest form of this proceeding is that of pensions. The old and just principle of a pension is compensation for disability acquired in the public service. The list of pensioners in 1873 was nearly 240,000, and the amount paid was about $29,000,000. This was fourteen years ago, and the pension list should naturally decrease every year. But the bills to which we recently referred would raise the amount to be paid for pensions to $100,000,000, and this amount to be paid simply for disability. The *World* points out that this is $15,000,000 more than the annual cost of the German army, and $10,000,000 more than that of the British army.

The logic of such a course as this is to pension everybody who enlisted and his surviving relations. It is a great public wrong, and not a just, reasonable, or honorable system of pensions. It is twenty-two years since the war ended, and the pension list is much larger than ever, and the amount paid is more than twice what it was fifteen years ago. Of this enormous sum more than half undoubtedly is paid to claim agents and middle men, and it is practically plunder. If it be asked why the bills are not defeated, the reply is that "the soldier vote" would be lost by the party that should defeat them, and consequently party lines are never drawn upon these assaults upon the Treasury. The whole system assumes that the soldier vote is a venal vote and not a patriotic vote, and it is really an insult to every citizen who served in the Union army, and who has honest convictions upon questions of public policy. Undoubtedly the larger part of the intelligent soldiers despise the demagoguery of this pension legislation as heartily as other intelligent citizens. They know perfectly well that this country is not ungrateful to those who served her cause in the hour of need, and know equally well that demagogues of every degree are always eager to trade upon that gratitude.

A vigorous veto of such legislation would be a signal public service. In his vetoes of special individual pension bills last year the President showed his careful attention to the subject, and in one of them he made a manly and honorable statement of the feeling of the country in regard to the soldiers. Should he adhere to the sound principle of military pensions, and state plainly to the country the statistics of the Pension Bureau and the cost of abandoning that principle, he would be sustained by the most patriotic and intelligent approval of the country.

THE THREE R'S.

The Rev. Mr. **Burchard** has been bitterly denounced by Republican orators and journals for his phrase describing the Democratic party as a combination of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." We have often pointed out, however, that the remark was not original. No reader of the *Tribune* in Mr. **Greeley**'s day, for instance, was unfamiliar with that alliterative statement, and a correspondent in Great Falls, New Hampshire, sends us a small campaign document published in the Portland *Press*, Maine, in October, 1876, which was scattered in fly-sheets during the campaign of that year through Maine and New Hampshire.

There were two forms of the document. In the first form the allies of Democracy are described as "Romanism, Rum-license, Slavery, Rebellion," etc. In the revised form the words are "Rum and Romanism, Rebellion and Despotism." The author of this document evidently had the start of Dr. **Burchard**.

But it is remarkable that a statement which in 1876 was the accepted, familiar, and common doctrine of the party was so repugnant to its ruling spirits in 1884 that a simple-hearted Republican, merely for repeating it in public, was overwhelmed with wrath as a fool, and denounced as the evil genius of his party.

AMERICA AT ATHENS.

The American School of Classical Studies at Athens is now in its fifth year of activity and success. The Bishop of Durham, the eminent scholar Dr. **Lightfoot**, said, in a public meeting in London, "France has her school, and Germany her institute, and even America has forestalled us in this race." The enterprise is already one of the most creditable in the annals of American scholarship and of American liberality. For while the older French and German schools at Athens have been maintained for many years by the two governments, the American has been wholly supported by private generosity.

Bishop **Lightfoot**'s appeal secured the English school; and the American school having hitherto occupied a hired house, and been entirely supported by the twelve or fourteen colleges, each college in turn sending a professor to Athens as director for one year, the managers now announce that the government of Greece has given to the school a fitting site, upon which a proper and permanent home is now building, for which, and for the furnishing, American liberality has contributed the means.

But to complete the efficiency of the enterprise a permanent director and a fund for its annual expenses are necessary. The director is found, if the fund be secured, in Dr. **Waldstein**, now lecturer on archæology and director of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge University, in England. Dr. **Waldstein** is a thoroughly accomplished scholar, peculiarly fitted for the directorship, and unquestionably the best man for the position. He is a New-Yorker, and an old student at Columbia College, and the managers of the school appeal confidently to those who value sound scholarship, and who share the just pride of maintaining the reputation already gained by the school, to aid in raising the fund by sending their contributions to Mr. **Frederic I. De Peyster**, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York, or Mr. **Samuel D. Warren**, 220 Devonshire Street, Boston. A course of lectures in aid of the enterprise will be delivered on Saturday evenings in February, at Association Hall, by Dr. **Waldstein**, and Professors **Gildersleeve** of Johns Hopkins, **Merriam** of Columbia, and **Goodwin** of Harvard.

O'NEIL AND CREGAN.

Two recent incidents are interesting as showing that the city of New York is not yet the utterly hopeless community which it is often believed to be. On the same day **O'Neil** was convicted of bribery in the Broadway Railroad case, and will join **Jaehne** and **McQuade** at Sing Sing, and "Mike" **Cregan** was practically expelled from the fellowship of the Republican party for malpractice at the polls. This last incident, however, was not entirely satisfactory, for it is not clear that "Mike" would have suffered if he had received money from a Democratic candidate to buy votes for him, and had used it to buy them for a Republican candidate.

This, however, is probably a curious refinement of virtue, which must not be required in a strictly practical world. The significant fact is that a Republican district leader has been virtually expelled from the party for doing what such leaders have always notoriously done. The managers of the party have known perfectly well that enormous sums of money have been illicitly used at every important election for the party advantage. There was not the two-thirds vote which is necessary for actual expulsion. But the large number of members of the committee, by a vote of 248 to 95, branded Mr. **Cregan** as a traitor at the polls.

The real crime of **Cregan** was that of **O'Neil**. The latter agreed to sell his vote as Alderman; the former bought votes as a district leader. In both cases it was sheer corruption of the ballot. It is possible that Mr. **Rice**, who is new to politics, really supposed, when to promote his election he gave money to **Cregan**, that **Cregan** would spend it honestly. If he did not suppose so, he had no right to complain that a man who makes a trade of politics trades for what he believes to be his own advantage. But the public benefit of both incidents lies in the clear exposure of the darker ways of politics, and in the practical censure of them in the **O'Neil** verdict and the **Cregan** decision.

A WAG.

Mr. **Henry Watterson**, the editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, is "a good deal of a wag" In a late letter to his paper from Washington he describes the President in these pleasant terms:

> "A man as incapable of receiving impressions as of returning warmth, and sensible of criticism only to the point of resenting it, the President sits in the White House like a wooden image made to be worshipped, not to be loved. To the weaker members of his cabinet he has imparted his dull self-sufficiency and cold stolidity. The most servile as well as the sincerest form of flattery is imitation; and the beggars on horseback whom Mr **Cleveland**, seeking to discover a new political planet and to people it with creatures of his own, brought into being and mounted, have caught the trick of their chief, and are equally industrious and successful in neglecting great for little things, and in seeing nothing clearly except the regulations of the civil service. They, too, take more joy in one Republican who has repented and turned Mugwump than in ninety and nine Democrats who have never gone astray. A near and old friend of his said to me not long ago: 'Of all the arid natures I ever encountered, he is the most arid. He sympathizes with nobody, makes common cause with nobody, and in the most serious affairs trusts wholly and solely to fortune or caprice.'"

Having thus described a man who, if the description be true, is totally unfit to be President, Mr. **Watterson** proceeds to say that he submits this truthful portraiture of the President in order that he may "convey to him the real opinion and feeling of the party that elected him," and then artlessly assumes that the party which entertains this opinion of the President will certainly renominate him. This is a ludicrous blow at the Democratic party. According to Mr. **Watterson**, that party thinks the President a traitor to its interests, and totally unfit for the Presidency, but nevertheless it will undoubtedly renominate him. But since the party can nominate any candidate that it chooses, if it should nominate a man of whom, according to Mr. **Watterson**, it holds this opinion, it will be because the party has nobody better to nominate. By Mr. **Watterson**'s own statement, therefore, the party is wholly unworthy of confidence, because the best man it can offer for the Presidency is the one whom he describes as a dull, self-sufficient, and coldly stolid wooden image, industrious and successful in neglecting great for little things.

We venture to think that if the Democratic party holds this view of the President, as Mr. **Watterson** asserts, it will not renominate him. If, however, it should decide to do so, his renomination would be due to the very course of the Administration which most exasperates Mr. **Watterson**, and to the belief of the party that no other Democrat could possibly be elected. Mr. **Watterson** evidently supposes that the election of Mr. **Cleveland** proved the preference of the country for the Democratic party. On the contrary, however unpleasant the truth may be to a Democrat, it was Mr. **Cleveland** who was elected, and not the Democratic party.

A SIGNIFICANT SIGN.

The opponents of the State civil service reform laws annually renew the effort to secure their repeal, and are annually defeated. In the Massachusetts Legislature a Democratic representative from Boston has just proposed to throw open the whole eligible list for appointment, which is practically abolishing competition, and in the New York Legislature the Democratic Mr. **Kenny** early introduced a bill to repeal the civil service reform laws. The committee reported against the bill, and his motion to disagree with the report was lost by a vote of 67 to 30.

Of this vote the 30 affirmatives, practically for repeal, were all Democrats; and the 67 negatives, for maintaining the law, were all Republicans except three. It is not to be supposed that the Republicans were all reformers, although the Republican party contains very many more reformers than the Democratic party. But this vote was undoubtedly meant to identify the Democratic party with hostility to reform, and to show the Republicans as its supporters. The act unquestionably is very significant. The representatives of the President's party in his own State, just elected by their constituencies, and in the middle of the Administration, almost unanimously pronounce against the President's views upon this subject. If they had the legislative power, they would promptly repeal the reform law.

This fact illustrates the extreme difficulty of the President's position. The Republican party taunts him with inconsistency, while Democrats cover his course with discredit. Administration Senators in Congress openly denounce it. But the "clean sweep" which they invoke does not come, and they can only protest, and show by their votes their deep dissatisfaction. This Democratic action will not be forgotten. The electoral preference of New York is very important, and this virtually unanimous Democratic vote to repeal the reform laws of the State must be accepted as a declaration of the real Democratic position upon the question. He must be a droll man who supposes that the vote upon the **Kenny** bill has benefited the Democratic party in New York.

PERSONAL.

Mr. W. D. **Howells**'s amusing farce *The Mouse-Trap*, which appeared in a recent number of **Harper's Magazine**, has been acted by amateurs at various social receptions, and greeted with constantly recurring ripples of laughter. The fact that only one male actor is needed lessens the difficulty of production in many cases. Young business men who have the time to learn a rôle in a new play at short notice are not so abundant as gadflies.

—Mr. F. S. **Church**'s very dramatic subject, "Desolation," in the Water-color Exhibition, representing a polar bear mourning his dead mate on the ice in the arctic regions, is drawn with the intelligent carefulness of an artist who, like **Barye**, studies wild animals in menageries and public gardens, and sometimes makes a hundred sketches from life before attempting to paint a picture.

—The new year was celebrated this season by the Chinese colony of San Francisco with unusual ceremonies and brilliant decorations. The Consul held a grand levee, which was attended by General **Howard** and many prominent citizens. One of the Six Companies moved into a new head-quarters, and the joss of the company was borne to his new shrine by a procession of 3000 men. The front of every shop in Chinatown was decorated with lanterns, while inside were altars heaped high with sweetmeats, fruit, and wine.

—Professor **Alexander**, of Honolulu, recently discovered an extinct crater near the leper settlement of Molokai. He tried to sound the crater, but a line 3500 feet long failed to touch any bottom. All the other craters of extinct volcanoes in the Sandwich Islands have been measured.

—Mr. **Potter Palmer** announced to his friends last week that the last of the $2,000,000 indebtedness incurred by him for building operations after the great fire of 1871 had been paid. He owns nearly two hundred buildings in Chicago, and his rent roll, exclusive of the Palmer House, is said to be nearly $300,000.

—The photographer's lens is more discerning than the naked eye. A recent photograph of a figure-painting by an American artist shows that a woman's gown was at first painted a hue and texture very different from that finally chosen, the underlying brush-work appearing plainly in the photograph, though not seen by the most attentive observer of the original picture. In like manner photography reveals stars that to the human eye are not distinguishable from nebulous matter.

—A New York lawyer whose professional duties are exacting declares that sparring is an exercise unfit for a man who makes his living by his brains, because it subjects him to blows on the head which are as injurious to the apparatus of thought as knocks are to a delicately constructed watch. He prefers fencing.

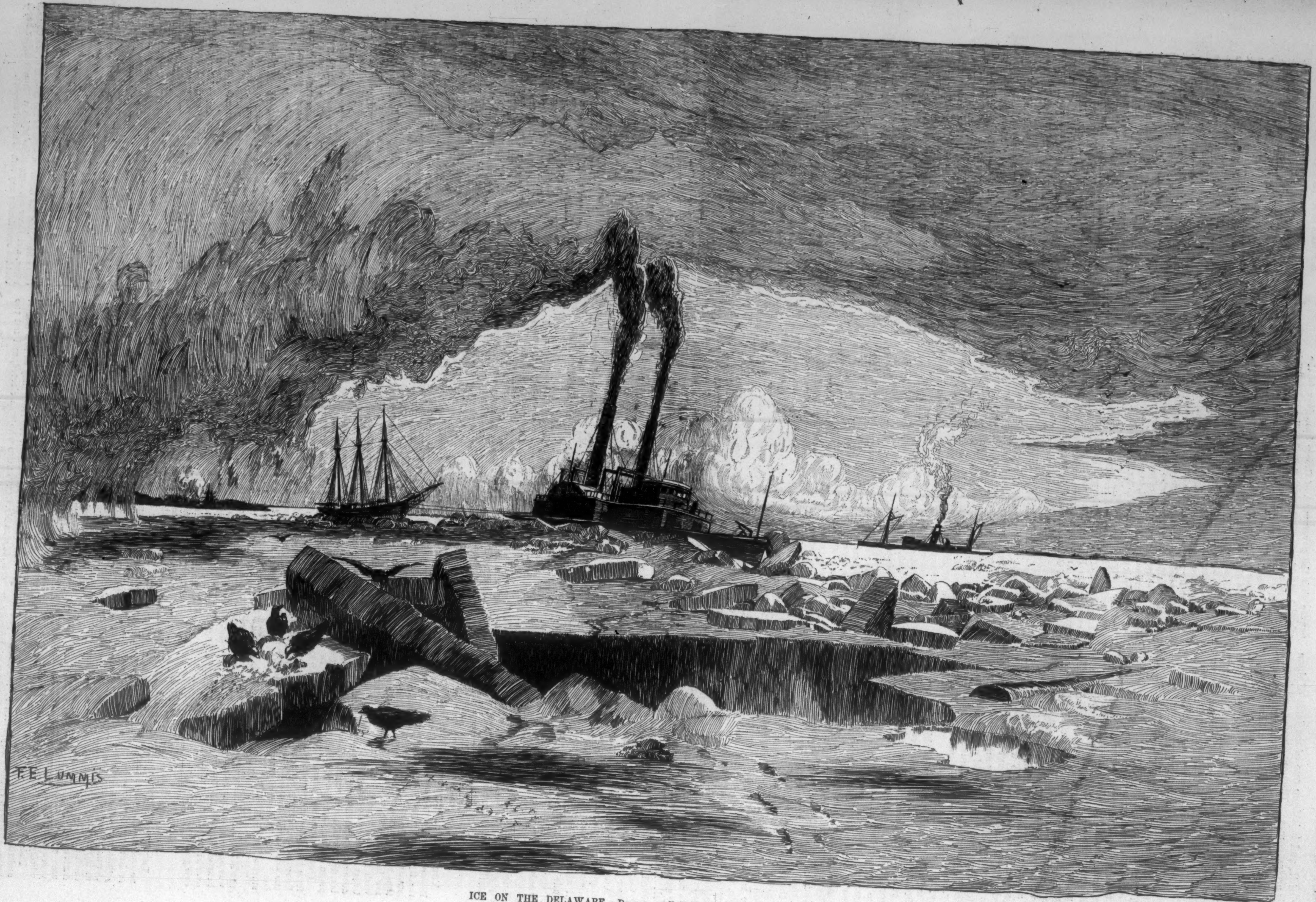
—An old New-Yorker, while walking by No. 1 Bond Street, pointed out the site of the residence for many years of the celebrated physician Dr. **John W. Francis**, and could almost see him on the back porch of his house, about 9 o'clock A.M., calling out to his servant in the barn, "**John**, **John**, bring around the horse."

—The Marquis **Tseng**, since his return from Europe, goes out to drive in the foreign quarter of Shanghai every day in a landau drawn by a pair of white ponies. It is thought that his example will induce other high Chinese officers to adopt European customs, and to discard the Oriental seclusion which they have so long maintained.

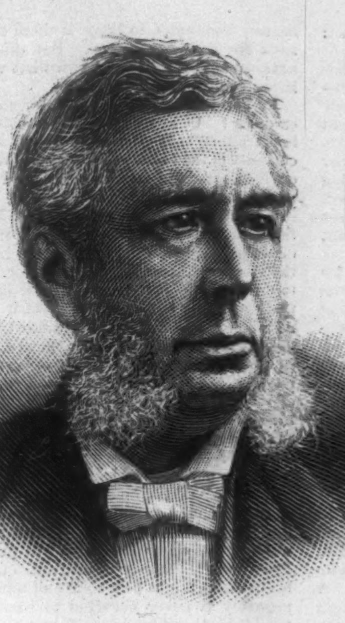
—Professor **Arthur Searle**, of the observatory at Harvard College, states that astronomers do not, as a rule, know the constellations by sight any better than other persons. Their chief work consists in observing and calculating the movements of particular stars, and they have no occasion to pay attention to the mythical grouping of them.

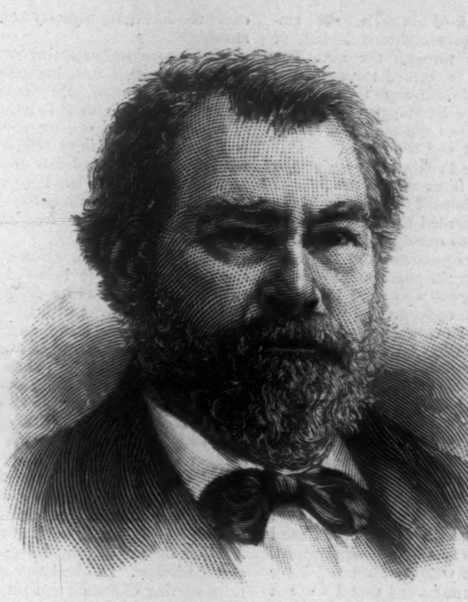
—The plan of the New York Free Circulating Library, of which Mr. **Benjamin H. Field** is president, is to establish library buildings in various parts of the city for the convenience of dwellers in those parts, rather than to devote its energies to the construction and maintenance of a single large building. Miss **Catherine W. Bruce**'s munificent gift of $50,000 was in furtherance of this plan, and will be so used. It is hoped that similar gifts will soon dot the city with free libraries.

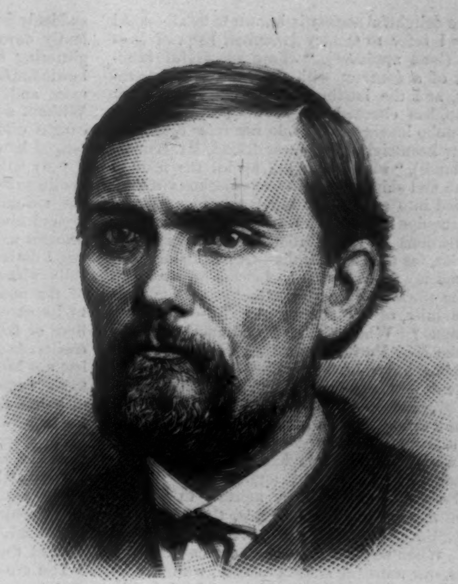
—The Viceroy **Li** of China is a man of varied accomplishments. After assisting recently at the driving of the first spike in the Kaiping Extension Railway, he closed the day by inspecting the Tien-tsin Printing Company's offices, where both Chinese and English newspapers were published. He showed great interest in the presses which were turning off 600 eight-page papers per hour. One of the compositors "set up" in Chinese a eulogistic welcome to the Viceroy, which was printed in red and presented to him. The Viceroy then discussed journalism with the Chinese and foreign editors, put his finger on some of the defects of the Chinese paper, and threw out suggestions which a Chinese editor hopes that his contributors may turn to useful account.



ICE ON THE DELAWARE.—Drawn by F. E. Lummis.—[See Page 110.]


ROBERT SHAW HOWLAND, D.D.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.


JOHN H. REAGAN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL.—[SEE PAGE 115.]


DAVID TURPIE.—[SEE PAGE 115.]

ROBERT S. HOWLAND, D.D.

THE Rev. Dr. ROBERT S. HOWLAND, who had been for forty years closely identified with the Episcopal Church in this city, died on Tuesday, February 1, at Morristown, New Jersey. He had been out of health for a few years past, and had had two strokes of paralysis, the second being the immediate cause of his death. Born in this city on November 9, 1820, Dr. HOWLAND received his education at a French school, at St. Paul's College, Long Island, and at the General Theological Seminary, from which latter he was graduated in 1845. He had already visited the Holy Land, and was soon ordained a priest in St. Luke's Church, this city, serving for a time as assistant at St. Luke's to Dr. FORBES. In 1846 he became rector of the newly organized Church of the Holy Apostles, comprising only twenty members, and not yet possessed of a church edifice. With this parish he remained for the next twenty years, during which time it acquired a membership of 400 families, with a Sunday-school of 450 scholars. He then turned his attention to the organization of what is now the Church of the Heavenly Rest, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street. It was largely under his supervision, and largely from his private fortune, that the present edifice was erected. In 1869 the new church was consecrated. It soon became one of the best known city churches, with a large and influential congregation. The late President ARTHUR was a regular attendant there, and the funeral services over his remains occurred within its walls. Dr. HOWLAND leaves three daughters.

The Crusade of the "Excelsior."*

By BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER VI.

SUPPER was served in the inner room opening from the corridor, lit by a few swinging lanterns of polished horn, and a dozen wax candles of sacerdotal size and suggestion. The apartment, although spacious, was low and crypt-like, and was not relieved by the two deep oven-like hearths that warmed it without the play of fire-light. But when the company had assembled it was evident that the velvet jacket, gold-lace, silver buttons, and red sashes of the entertainers not only lost their tawdry and theatrical appearance in the half-decorous and thoughtful gloom, but actually seemed more in harmony with it than the modern dresses of the guests. It was the *Excelsior* party which looked strange and bizarre in these surroundings; to the sensitive fancy of Miss Keene, Mrs. Brimmer's Parisian toilet had an air of provincial assumption; her own pretty zouave jacket and black silk skirt horrified her with its apparent ostentatious eccentricity; and Mrs. Markham and Miss Chubb seemed dowdy and overdressed beside the satin mantillas and black lace of the señoritas. Nor were the gentlemen less *outrés:* the stiff correctness of Mr. Banks and the lighter foppishness of Winslow and Crosby, not to mention Señor Perkins's more pronounced unconventionality, appeared as burlesques of their own characters in a play. The crowning contrast was reached by Captain Bunker, who, in accordance with the habits of the mercantile marine of that period when in port, wore a shore-going suit of black broadcloth, with a tall hat, high shirt collar, and diamond pin. Seated next to the Commander, it was no longer Don Miguel who looked old-fashioned; it was Captain Bunker who appeared impossible.

Nevertheless, as the meal progressed, lightened by a sweet native wine made from the Mission grape, and stimulated by champagne—a present of Captain Bunker from the cabin lockers of the *Excelsior*—this contrast, and much of the restraint that it occasioned, seemed to melt away. The passengers became talkative; the Commander and his friends unbent, and grew sympathetic and inquiring. The temptation to recite the news of the last half-century, and to recount the wonderful strides of civilization in that time, was too great to be resisted by the *Excelsior* party. That some of them—notwithstanding the caution of Señor Perkins—approached dangerously near the subject of the late war between the United States and Mexico, of which Todos Santos was supposed to be still ignorant, or that Crosby, in particular, seized upon this opportunity for humorous exaggeration, may be readily imagined. But, as the translation of the humorist's speech, as well as of the indiscretions of his companions, was left to the señor, in Spanish, and to Mrs. Brimmer and Miss Keene, in French, any imminent danger to the harmony of the evening was averted. Don Ramon Ramirez, the Alcalde, a youngish man of evident distinction, sat next to Miss Keene, and monopolized her conversation with a certain curiosity that was both grave and childish in its frank trustfulness. Some of his questions were so simple and incompatible with his apparent intelligence that she unconsciously lowered her voice in answering them, in dread of the ridicule of her companions. She could not resist the impression which repeatedly obtruded upon her imagination, that the entire population of Todos Santos were a party of lost children, forgotten by their parents, and grown to manhood and womanhood in utter ignorance of the world.

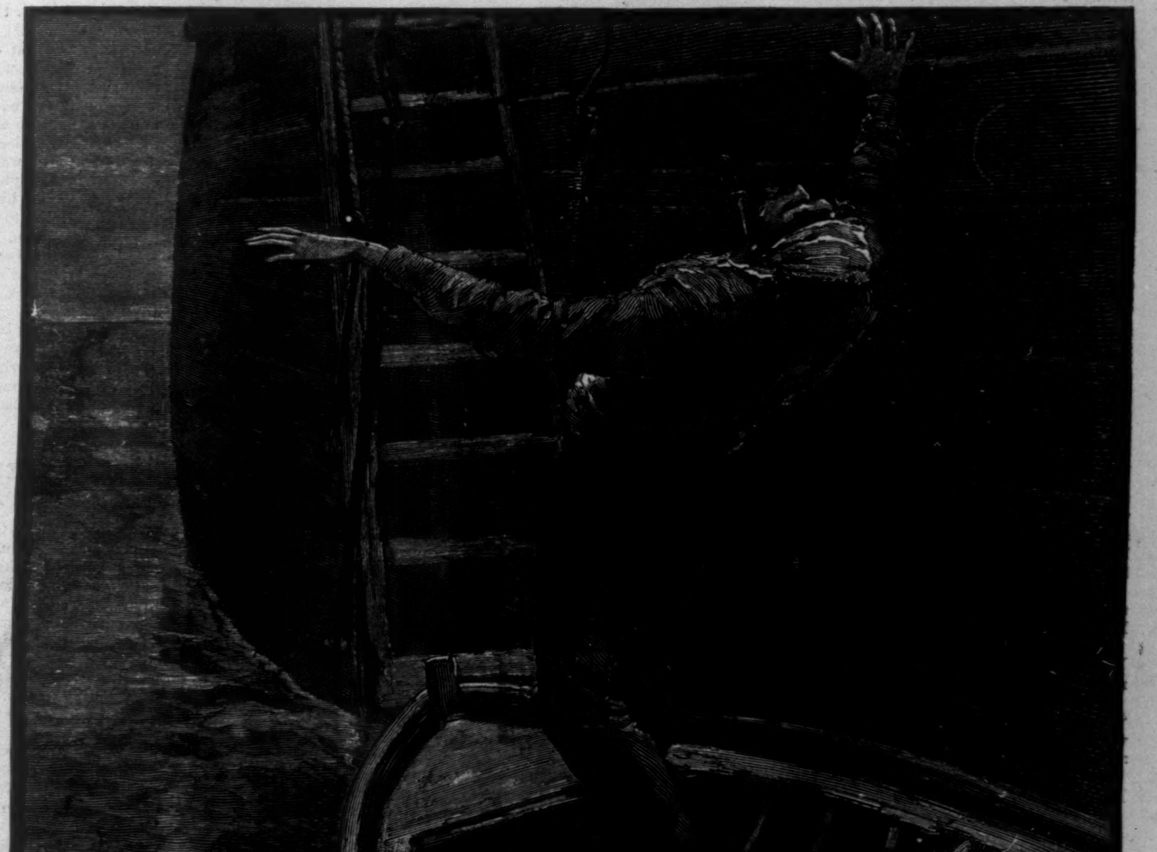
The Commander had half informally drunk the health of Captain Bunker without rising from his seat, when, to Miss Keene's alarm, Captain Bunker staggered to his feet. He had been drinking freely, as usual, but he was bent on indulging a loquacity which his discipline on shipboard had hitherto precluded, and which had perhaps strengthened his solitary habit. His speech was voluble and incoherent, complimentary and tactless, kindly and aggressive, courteous and dogmatic. It was left to Señor Perkins to translate it to the eye and ear of his host without incongruity or offence. This he did so admirably as to elicit not only the applause of the foreigners who did not understand English, but of his own countrymen who did not understand Spanish. "I feel," said Señor Perkins, in graceful peroration, "that I have done poor justice to the eloquence of this gallant sailor. My unhappy translation cannot offer you that voice, at times trembling with generous emotion, and again inaudible from excessive modesty in the presence of this illustrious assembly, those limbs that waver and bend under the undulations of the chivalrous sentiment which carries him away as if he were still on that powerful element he daily battles with and conquers."

But when coffee and sweets were reached, the crowning triumph of Señor Perkins's oratory was achieved. After an impassioned burst of enthusiasm toward his hosts in their own tongue, he turned toward his own party with bland felicity.

"And how is it with us, dear friends? We find ourselves not in the port we were seeking, not in the goal of our ambition, the haven of our hopes, but on the shores of the decaying past. 'Ever drifting' on one of those

'shifting
Currents of the restless main,'

if our fascinating friend Mrs. Brimmer will permit us to use the words of her accomplished fellow-townsman, H. W. Longfellow, of Boston—we find ourselves borne, not to the busy hum and clatter of modern progress, but to the soft cadences of a dying crusade, and the hush of ecclesiastical repose. In place of the busy marts of commerce and the towering chimneys of labor, we have the ruined embattlements of a warlike age and the crumbling church of an ancient mission. Toward the close of an eventful voyage, during which we have been guided by the skilful hand and watchful eye of that gallant navigator Captain Bunker, we have turned aside from our onward course of progress to look back for a moment upon the faded foot-prints of those who have so long preceded us, who have lived according to their lights, and whose record is now before us. As I have just stated, our journey is near its end, and we may, in some sense, look upon this occasion, with its sumptuous entertainment and its goodly company of gallant men and fair women, as a parting banquet. Our voyage has been a successful one. I do not now especially speak of the daring speculations of the distinguished husband of a beautiful lady


"WITHOUT A GASP, OR A GROAN, HE CAUGHT WILDLY AT THE SIDES OF THE SHIP."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1568.

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whose delightful society is known to us all—need I say I refer to Quincy Brimmer, Esq., of Boston" (loud applause), "whose successful fulfilment of a contract with the Peruvian Government, and the landing of munitions of war at Callao, has checked the uprising of the Quinquinambo insurgents? I do not refer especially to our keen-sighted business friend, Mr. Banks" (applause), "who, by buying up all the flour in Callao and shipping it to California, has virtually starved into submission the revolutionary party of Arequipa! I do not refer to these admirable illustrations of the relations of commerce and politics, for this, my friends—this is history, and beyond my feeble praise! Let me rather speak of the social and literary triumphs of our little community, of our floating Arcadia—may I say Olympus? Where shall we find another Minerva like Mrs. Markham, another Thalia like Miss Chubb, another Juno like Mrs. Brimmer, worthy of the Jove-like Quincy Brimmer; another Queen of Love and Beauty like—like," continued the gallant señor, with an effective oratorical pause and a profound obeisance to Miss Keene—"like one whose mantling maiden blushes forbid me to name?" (Prolonged applause.) "Where shall we find more worthy mortals to worship them than our young friends, the handsome Brace, the energetic Winslow, the humorous Crosby? When we look back upon our concerts and plays, our minstrel entertainments, with the incomparable performances of our friend Crosby as Brother Bones, our recitations, to which the genius of Mrs. MacCorkle, of Peoria, Illinois, has lent her charm and her manuscript" (a burlesque start of terror from Crosby), "I am forcibly impelled to quote the impassioned words from that gifted woman:

'When idly Life's bark on the billows of Time
Drifts hither and yon by eternity's sea,
On the swift feet of verse and the pinions of rhyme
My thoughts, Ulricardo, fly ever to thee!'"

"Who's Ulricardo?" interrupted Crosby, with assumed eagerness, followed by a "Hush!" from the ladies.

"Perhaps I should have anticipated our friend's humorous question," said Señor Perkins, with unassailable good-humor. "Ulricardo, though not my own name, is a poetical substitute for it, and a mere figure of apostrophe. The poem is personal to myself," he continued, with a slight increase of color in his smooth cheek, which did not escape the attention of the ladies, "purely as an exigency of verse, and that the inspired authoress might more easily express herself to a friend. My acquaintance with Mrs. MacCorkle has been only epistolary. Pardon this digression, my friends, but an allusion to the muse of poetry did not seem to me to be inconsistent with our gathering here. Let me briefly conclude by saying that the occasion is a happy and memorable one; I think I echo the sentiment of all present when I add that it is one which will not be easily forgotten by either the grateful guests, whose feelings I have tried to express, or the chivalrous hosts, whose kindness I have already so feebly translated."

In the applause that followed, and the clicking of glasses, Señor Perkins slipped away. He mingled a moment with some of the other guests who had already withdrawn to the corridor, lit a cigar, and then passed through a narrow doorway on to the ramparts. Here he strolled to some distance as if in deep thought, until he reached a spot where the crumbling wall and its fallen débris afforded an easy descent into the ditch. Following the ditch, he turned an angle and came upon the beach, and the low sound of oars in the invisible offing. A whistle brought the boat to his feet, and without a word he stepped into the stern-sheets. A few strokes of the oars showed him that the fog had lifted slightly from the water, and a green light hanging from the side of the *Excelsior* could be plainly seen. Ten minutes' more steady pulling placed him on her deck, where the second officer stood with a number of the sailors listlessly grouped around him.

"The landing has been completed?" said Señor Perkins, interrogatively.

"All except one boat-load more, which waits to take your final instructions," said the mate. "The men have growled a little about it," he added, in a lower tone. "They don't want to lose anything, it seems," he continued, with a half-sarcastic laugh.

Señor Perkins smiled peculiarly. "I am sorry to disappoint them. Who's that in the boat?" he asked, suddenly.

The mate followed the señor's glance. "It is Yoto. He says he is going ashore, and you will not forbid him?"

Señor Perkins approached the ship's side. "Come here!" he said to the man. The Peruvian sailor rose, but did not make the slightest movement to obey the command.

"You say you are going ashore?" said Perkins, blandly.

"Yes, Patroño."

"What for?"

"To follow him—the thief, the assassin—who struck me here"—he pointed to his head. "He has escaped again, with his booty."

"You are very foolish, my Yoto; he is no thief, and has no booty. They will put *you* in prison, not him."

"*You* say so," said the man, surlily. "Perhaps they will hear me—for other things," he added, significantly.

"And for this you would abandon the cause?"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Why not?" He glanced meaningly at two of his companions who had approached the side. "Perhaps others would. Who is sending the booty ashore, eh?"

"Come out of that boat," said the señor, leaning over the bulwarks, with folded arms and his eyes firmly fixed on the man.

The man did not move. But the señor's hand suddenly flew to the back of his neck, smote violently downward, and sent eighteen inches of glittering steel hurtling through the air. The bowie-knife entered the upturned throat of the man, and buried itself half-way to the hilt. Without a gasp or groan he staggered forward, caught wildly at the side of the ship, and disappeared between the boat and the vessel.

"My lads," said Señor Perkins, turning with a gentle smile toward the faces that in the light of the swinging lantern formed a ghastly circle around him, "when I boarded this ship that had brought aid and succor to our oppressors at Callao, I determined to take possession of it peacefully, without imperilling the peace and property of the innocent passengers who were intrusted to its care, and without endangering your own lives or freedom. But I made no allowance for *traitors!* The blood that has been shed to-night has not been spilt in obedience to my orders, nor to the cause that we serve; it was from *defiance* of it, and the real and only culprit has just atoned for it."

He stopped, and then stepped back from the gangway, as if to leave it open to the men.

"What I have done," he continued, calmly, "I do not ask you to consider either as an example or a warning. You are free to do what *he* would have done," he repeated, with a wave of his hand toward the open gangway and the empty boat. "You are free to break your contract and leave the ship, and I give you my word that I will not lift a hand to prevent you; but if you stay with me," he said, suddenly turning upon them a face as livid as their own, "I swear by the living God that, if between this and the accomplishment of my design you as much as shirk or question any order given by me, you shall die the death of that dog who went before you. Choose as you please—but quickly."

The mate was the first to move. Without a word, he crossed over to the señor's side. The men hesitated a moment longer, until one, with a strange foreign cry, threw himself on his knees before the señor, ejaculating, "Pardon! pardon!" The others followed, some impulsively catching at the hand that had just slain their comrade, and covering it with kisses.

"Pardon, Patroño; we are yours."

"You are the state's," said Señor Perkins, coldly, with every vestige of his former urbanity gone from his colorless face. "Enough! Go back to your duty!" He watched them slink away, and then turned to the mate. "Get the last boat-load ready, and report to me."

From that moment another power seemed to dominate the ship. The men no longer moved listlessly, or slunk along the deck with perfunctory limbs; a feverish haste and eagerness possessed them. The boat was quickly loaded, and the mysterious debarkation completed in rapidity and silence. This done, the fog once more appeared to rise from the water and softly encompass the ship, until she seemed to be obliterated from its face. From this vague obscurity, from time to time, the faint rattling of chains was heard, the soft creaking of blocks, and, later on, the regular rise and fall of oars; and then the darkness fell heavier, the sounds became more and more indistinct, and were utterly lost.

Ashore, however, the lanterns still glittered brightly in the court-yard of the Presidio; the noise of laughter and revel still came from the supper-room, and later, the tinkling of guitars and rhythmical clapping hands showed that the festivities were being wound up by a characteristic fandango. Captain Bunker succumbed early to his potations of fiery aguardiente, and was put to bed in the room of the Commander, to whom he had sworn eternal friendship and alliance. It was long past midnight before the other guests were disposed of in the various quarters of the Presidio; but to the ladies were reserved the more ostentatious hospitalities of the Alcalde himself, the walls of whose ambitious hacienda raised themselves across the plaza, and overlooked the gardens of the Mission.

It was from one of the deep, quaintly-barred windows of the hacienda that Miss Keene gazed thoughtfully on the night, unable to compose herself to sleep. An antique guest-chamber had been assigned to her in deference to her wish to be alone, for which she had declined the couch and vivacious prattle of her new friend, Doña Isabel. The events of the day had impressed her more deeply than they had her companions, partly from her peculiar inexperience of the world, and partly from her singular sensitiveness to external causes. The whole quaint story of the forgotten and isolated settlement, which had seemed to the other passengers as a trivial and half-humorous incident, affected her imagination profoundly. When she could escape the attentions of her entertainers, or the frivolities of her companions, she tried to touch the far-off past on the wings of her fancy; she tried to imagine the life of those people, forgetting the world, and forgotten by it; she endeavored to picture the fifty years of solitude amidst these decaying ruins, over which even ambition had crumbled and fallen. It seemed to her the true conventual seclusion from the world without the loss of kinship or home influences; she contrasted it with her boarding-school life in the fashionable seminary; she wondered what she would have become had she been brought up here; she thought of the happy ignorance of Doña Isabel, and—shuddered; and yet she felt herself examining the odd furniture of the room with an equally child-like and admiring curiosity. And these people looked upon *her* as a superior being.

From the deep embrasure of the window she could see the tops of the pear and olive trees, in the misty light of an invisible moon that suffused the old Mission garden with an ineffable and angelic radiance. To her religious fancy it seemed to be a spiritual effusion of the church itself, enveloping the two gray dome-shaped towers with an atmosphere and repose of its own, until it became the incarnate mystery and passion where it stood.

She was suddenly startled by a moving shadow beside the wall, almost immediately below her—the figure of a man. He was stealing cautiously toward the church, as if to gain the concealment of the shrubbery that grew beside it, and furtively glancing from side to side, looked toward her window. She unconsciously drew back, forgetting at the moment that her light was extinguished, and that it was impossible for the stranger to see her. But she had seen *him*, and in that instant recognized Mr. Hurlstone.

Then he *had* come ashore, and secretly, for the other passengers believed him still on the ship. But what was he doing there? and why had he not appeared with the others at the entertainment? She could understand his avoidance of them from what she knew of his reserved and unsocial habits; but when he could so naturally have remained on ship-board, she could not at first conceive why he should wish to prowl around the town at the risk of detection. The idea suddenly occurred to her that he had had another attack of his infirmity, and was walking in his sleep, and for an instant she thought of alarming the house, that some one might go to his assistance. But his furtive movements had not the serene impassibility of the somnambulist. Another thought withheld her; he had looked up at her window. Did he know she was there? A faint stirring of shame and pleasure sent a slight color to her cheek. But he had gained the corner of the shrubbery, and was lost in its shadow. She turned from the window. A gentle sense of vague and half-maternal pity suffused her soft eyes as she at last sought her couch and fell into a deep slumber.

Toward daybreak a wind arose over the sleeping town and far outlying waters. It breathed through the leaves of the Mission garden, brushed away the clinging mists from the angles of the towers, and restored the sharp outlines of the ruined fortifications. It swept across the unruffled sea to where the *Excelsior*, cradled in the softly heaving bay, had peacefully swung at anchor on the previous night, and lifted the snowy curtain of the fog to seaward as far as the fringe of surf, a league away. But the cradle of the deep was empty—the ship was gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ICE EMBARGOES.

In this number of the **Weekly** we give a sketch of "Winter on the Delaware," the scene being the Horseshoe Bend, looking south from Gloucester. The curve made by the river at this point, opposite the southern part of Philadelphia, gives the ice facilities for packing tight, and renders the task of the ice-boat to free the stream a hard one. A characteristic feature of the sketch is a Reading Railroad coal-boat, drawn from the life, or at least from such degree of life as can be attributed to a coal-boat entrapped under these disheartening circumstances.

Ice gorges during the last week in January were found at many points on the Delaware, Susquehanna, and Schuylkill rivers. At one a train of loaded cars was moved upon a railroad bridge for fear that the ice would rise beneath and carry away the planking. At another the ice rose to the second-story windows of a large warehouse. At Columbia, on the Susquehanna, a pier of the bridge was moved nearly ten inches by a huge gorge. Just above Reading, on the Schuylkill, the ice was packed twenty feet high, the full width of the river, for miles, and the water flooded the surrounding country, carrying away fences and drowning some live stock. In the Mohawk Valley a freshet occurred, with an accompanying ice gorge. At Varna, New York, the large iron bridge over Fall Creek was swept away by ice. Near Buffalo damage was done to bridges and buildings. Our Canadian neighbors had a taste of the same troubles on their river Thames and elsewhere.

AN UNDOUBTED LEGEND.

By XENOS CLARK.

If this unpretentious little sketch has the slightest purpose at all, perhaps it is intended to illustrate the veracity of our local New England legendists, now so often called in question by city sojourners under our roofs. The writer thinks that every hole in our ancient farm-houses was made by an Indian bullet, and believes that Washington slept in all the beds attributed to him. We too often forget that Washington had to sleep somewhere, though to hear some people talk it might be supposed that it was his habit to sit up all night.

In that part of old Amherst village where East Street approaches the Hadley line there is a locality known as Nine-acre Corner. No city sojourner has ever discovered a reason for this name—though that is always a point on which his curiosity early becomes active—nor has search ever revealed the original nine acres. There is, however, a cross-roads there, and in the centre of the cross-roads stands a little green plot, where a large upright bowlder is said to mark the grave of an Indian chieftain. Who was the chieftain, and how did the stone come there? A hundred years ago this same plot, then a tangled mass of briers and brushwood, belonged to Farmer Todhunter, whose weather-gray homestead stood a stone's-throw distant; and one day Farmer Todhunter resolved to clear off the plot and make a green of it, as travel that way lately had increased, and it was well to have the cross-roads appearing sightly. The process of clearing the plot revealed the bowlder, standing, in truth, on the very spot it now occupies; and as it was a fine, smooth rock of very regular shape and a beautiful milky color, it seemed a good idea to Farmer Todhunter to leave it there as an ornament for the future green. But this he would never have done had he known what was soon to happen in consequence.

Is there anything so amusing or so curious as curiosity? Of course it is occasionally an excellent trait as well. One might say, indeed, that curiosity is the father of invention. When Farmer Todhunter got his green in good trim, with the tall white bowlder standing on end in the centre, he found to his surprise that he was destined to be very much annoyed by the stopping of people who passed in vehicles to inquire what the stone was there on the green for. It is hard to describe the precise appearance of this question-provoking stone or the effect it had on the rural New England mind, but most certainly it did have a peculiar look; it seemed, perhaps, to say to the passer-by that it was there for some interesting and particular purpose, something out of the usual way, that it would be inexpressibly interesting to know about if one could only find somebody in the neighborhood of whom to make inquiries. What more natural, therefore, than that the passing vehicle should pull up for a moment beside the house, while the curious occupant descended to call Farmer Todhunter from the barn, or his wife from the dairy, and ask what that stone on the green was put there for. Probably the inquirer never paused to think that his question might be a source of annoyance, and probably it never occurred to him that others would inquire like himself, and that, taken in the aggregate, their curiosity might prove a nuisance. This is the way with those people also who nowadays worry the lives out of literary celebrities by calling on them and mistaking their enforced courtesy for approval of the visit; they never reflect that a thousand and one other strangers just like themselves have made the same visit in the course of the year, and that it is just possible the poor literary celebrity may have ceased to look upon the matter as a charming novelty, and is more likely lying awake nights to think how he shall protect himself from the invasion, as we recently have found out that Longfellow, the most patient and gentle of poets, did. But if one were going to write on that fertile topic, the thoughtlessness of thoughtless people, nothing but the limits of a separate volume—or perhaps two volumes—would suffice.

Farmer Todhunter's bowlder, after a certain length of time, became a stand-by joke with the surrounding neighbors, who themselves were sometimes called up to answer the questions of the inquisitive travellers when the Todhunters did not happen to be at home; and in fact the reputation of the perplexing stone spread so that Farmer Todhunter at last resolved to settle the matter once for all by placing a sign above the bowlder on the green that should serve, as it were, to warn curiosity off the premises.

It was a neatly painted T sign, bearing these words, "Nothing Particular Under This Stone."

The phraseology of this inscription probably had reference to the form which strangers usually gave their inquiries, it being most commonly supposed, perhaps from the appearance of the stone, which rested on a flat base, that something or somebody was buried beneath it. Now it is too bad to have to say that this sign was conceived in an entire misunderstanding of human nature; for instead of abating curiosity, as was hoped, it had the very opposite effect. Every one stopped now, and desired to know what could be the meaning of so peculiar a sign projecting there in the middle of a common cross-roads, where one usually found simply a guide-board with geographical directions. To make matters worse, the wit of the neighboring county town, happening one day to pass that way, and hearing the whole story, published the following jest in the county journal:

> "It may interest our readers to know that the grave of one of King Philip's brothers, long known to exist in Amherst Village, at that part called Nine-acre Corner, has lately been *most appropriately* marked. A smooth white bowlder has been placed on end above the grave, and on a head-board, of somewhat peculiar construction, the inscription, 'Nothing Particular Under This Stone,' appears in legible characters. This chief, 'Nothing Particular,' as some will remember, gained his unique name in an odd manner. When a young Indian, he was calling one day at the house of a Pelham farmer, whom he frequently visited, and he saw the housewife pass with a bowl of hot liquor. 'What have you there?' asked the Indian. '*Nothing particular*,' was the woman's response. The young redskin insisted on tasting; and from that day forth when calling at the farmer's he always asked for some 'nothing particular.' Thus it came about among the white people that he was known by a name which we have seen even outlasts his death."

It seemed to Farmer Todhunter, when this screed met his eyes, that this was altogether too much of a bad thing, and he said to himself that he would see whether there was such a thing possible as putting a stop to people's curiosity. On the very next day he split the iniquitous sign up into fire-wood, and then fetching a yoke of oxen and a stone-drag, toppled over the bowlder into the drag, and carried it off to one of those great stone piles which are such a favorite resort with New England bowlders when they retire from active life. When he had done this he thought he had now surely settled forever the question of King Philip's brother. But he was quite mistaken. He had sadly underestimated the vitality of traditions, especially the untrustworthy ones, and had forgotten that common experience of humanity which teaches that a mistake never ends as we expect it to. In these days of research almost anything may happen short of the discovery of the original ark. A hundred years had passed over Nine-acre Corner, and one summer day not long ago, while Dr. Inderwick (the celebrated archæologist and ethnologist of Philadelphia) was exploring a pile of ancient newspapers, after the fashion of original investigators nowadays, his eyes lighted upon the identical paragraph describing the burial-place of the famous brother of King Philip, "Nothing Particular." As the doctor was summering in Amherst with the especial purpose of studying the legendary history of the Indians, this find seemed a direct gift from the heaven of original investigators. As for its authenticity, that appeared unquestionable; and it is almost too amusing to be true, but Dr. Inderwick some time afterward actually succeeded in finding the original white bowlder, and he was the means of restoring it, after a century of private life, to its place once more on the cross-roads green. In this he was aided by a granddaughter of Farmer Todhunter, yet living in her ancestor's house. The stone was remembered, but its real story had worn from the family memory in the friction of a hundred years, and Dr. Inderwick's newspaper discovery was honored as genuine ancient history. Destiny, which has its humorous moods as well as the rest of us, seemed to have made up its mind that if Farmer Todhunter would not honor the Indian's grave, some of his descendants should. They indeed take very good care of it, and the traveller that way now may pause to let his horse nibble on the green while he reads the inscription which Dr. Inderwick caused to be cut in the smooth white bowlder:

Here Rest the Bones
Of That Singularly Named Indian
—A Brother of King Philip—
"Nothing Particular."

THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH.*

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

The "Gate City," the "Capital City of the Empire State of the South," the "Chicago of the South," the "Phœnix City," the "Progressive City," the "City of Men and Ideas." These names, and many more equally significant of the position held by the city, and of its wonderful progress and prosperity, are bestowed upon Atlanta by its inhabitants, and are generally accepted as well-deserved titles by strangers who have familiarized themselves with its history. In the year 1835 the people of Georgia determined to build a trunk line of railway to the Northwest. After much opposition a bill was adopted by the Legislature, and signed by Governor Schley, authorizing the construction of a railroad from the Tennessee line, near the Tennessee River, to the southwestern bank of the Chattahoochee River, at a point most eligible for the running of branch roads thence to Athens, Madison, Milledgeville, Forsyth, and Columbus. This road was the Western and Atlantic, which now connects Atlanta with Chattanooga, and the engineer in charge of its construction selected a site among the breezy uplands, seven miles from the Chattahoochee River, as the most suitable place from which to build branch railroads to all parts of the South. The point thus selected was named Terminus—a name which, in 1844, was changed to Marthasville, and in 1847 to Atlanta. In 1836 Mr. Hardy Ivy built a log shanty, which was the first house erected within the present city limits. The first store was opened in 1843, and during the same year the first locomotive made its appearance on the new railroad. The branch roads from the trunk line were built as rapidly as the resources of the country would allow, and from 1846 to 1864 the growth of Atlanta was steady and prosperous, though by no means remarkable.

At the outbreak of the war about 15,000 bales of cotton were annually handled in the city in a leisurely manner, and it bore an air of quiet, self-contented, easy-going comfort. Remote from scenes of conflict, Atlanta was but little affected by the war during its earlier years, and knew nothing of its horrors. Suddenly, on the 4th of September, 1864, its 12,000 citizens found themselves confronted by an order from General Sherman, who had just captured the place, requiring their departure from it within eight days. To all remonstrances his only answer was: "Fortune of war, sir! fortune of war! I want this place for a citadel, and want no white citizens in it." So the city was deserted by its inhabitants, and occupied by Northern soldiers. On the 16th of November they too abandoned it, and began their march to the sea, leaving behind them only the smoking ruins of a city that they had utterly destroyed. Its desolation was so complete that its only living occupants were prowling dogs and carrion birds preying upon the carcasses of dead animals. To such scenes did the impoverished citizens of Atlanta begin to return in December, 1864. They had lost everything, and had everything to gain. Fate could hold nothing worse in store for them; she must hold something better. Animated by these thoughts, they set to work to rebuild their city; and with such energy and hearty co-operation have they labored that, in this year, 1887, it ranks among the fairest of the land.

The Atlanta of to-day is a city of over 60,000 inhabitants, who are as full of life, energy, and progressive ideas as any community in the North or West. Eight railroads centre in its Union Depot, which has indeed become a gateway to the South. It is a city of well-paved, well-lighted, and well-drained streets, handsome public buildings and business blocks, and, above all, of beautiful private residences. On both sides of Peachtree Street these are being built in such numbers that it is rapidly becoming to Atlanta what Euclid Avenue is to Cleveland. Among the public buildings, the State Capitol, now in course of erection, is the most imposing. It is of white marble, and will have cost when completed nearly two million dollars, and will be the handsomest Capitol building in the Southern States. The Custom-house and Post-office, the Chamber of Commerce, which cost $60,000, the new County Court-house, on which $125,000 was expended, and the Young Men's Library are all beautiful specimens of architectural skill, and buildings of which any city might well be proud. Probably the most important building in Atlanta is its new hotel, the Kimball House, which is the finest and most perfectly appointed establishment of its kind in the South. The Kimball House is a monument to the enterprise of Atlanta people and to their hearty co-operation in any undertaking affecting the prosperity of their city. A little over two years ago the old hotel was burned to the ground. The necessary funds for rebuilding were at once raised by subscription among the citizens; and of the $650,000 thus provided, the largest sum given by one person was $2500. Perhaps a hundred persons took stock to the amount of a thousand dollars each, and the rest was taken in smaller sums. Atlanta's railroads and other public enterprises have been built and carried through much in the same way, and this enthusiasm of the people for their city, and their unity of action whenever its interests are in question, are the most satisfactory promises of its continued prosperity.

With its Southern location, and an altitude of 1200 feet above the sea-level, Atlanta enjoys a most salubrious and delightful climate. It is so free from dampness that silks and tobacco can be safely stored in its warehouses without danger of moulding. For these climatic reasons more than any other the city has been selected by the United States government as the site of the most important military station in the South, and barracks for several regiments of troops are now being prepared in one of its suburbs. General Sherman was the strongest advocate of this location, urging in its favor that his troops suffered less from sickness here than at any other point. Two hundred and fifty acres have been purchased as the barracks site, and the first appropriation of $125,000 for their construction has been made. The grounds are naturally very beautiful, and with all their projected improvements will become a superb park, and one of Atlanta's greatest attractions.

The "Gate City" is undeniably a busy place. Its cotton business, which a few years ago was but 15,000 bales, has grown until now 175,000 bales, valued at $7,000,000, are handled annually by its merchants, and pass between the iron jaws of its three gigantic compresses. In the census of 1880 is a table showing the proportion of persons engaged in gainful occupations to the entire population of one hundred principal American cities. In this table Lowell stands first, Lawrence second, and Atlanta, with Fall River, third. No Southern city supports such a multitude of small industries as Atlanta, and in this lies one of the secrets of its prosperity. Every other garret is a workshop, and in its factories are made watches, razors, pocket knives, scissors, brooms, matches, candies, all sorts of agricultural implements, shoes, clothing, furniture, and an infinity of other things. One Atlanta firm, engaged in the manufacture of cloth and paper bags, has established a branch house on the Pacific coast. It has also built a cotton factory of 16,000 spindles, which is run day and night solely to supply cloth for it to make into bags. An Atlanta plough factory, with a capacity of 300,000 ploughs per annum, sells its goods from Virginia to the city of Mexico. Its candy factories command the trade of a score of States, and the entire South is supplied with trunks from its trunk factories. It has ten patent-medicine establishments, one of which expends $250,000 annually for advertising, and has just established a branch factory in London for supplying Europe with its products. These establishments give steady employment to 1000 people, and consume each year $500,000 worth of herbs, roots, and honey, which come from the country immediately around Atlanta. A glass factory has just been built for the accommodation of these patent-medicine people, who engage to take three-fourths of its annual product of $150,000 worth of bottles. Three of Atlanta's manufacturing industries—those of agricultural implements, cotton goods, and fertilizers—employ over a million of dollars capital each, while the total capital employed is over eight millions of dollars. Nearly 10,000 persons find steady work in these factories, and the wages paid to them amount to $3,000,000 every year.

Atlanta was the first Southern city to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquor within its corporate limits, and its experiment in this direction is being watched with the greatest interest by the whole country. Its sixty thousand people support seventy-one churches, and send six thousand children to its public schools, which are model institutions of their kind. The city has expended more than a million of dollars upon free colored schools, which are upon exactly the same basis as those for white children. Clark University, the colored college of the city, receives an annual appropriation of eight thousand dollars from the State, which also allows the State University for white students the same amount, and no more. The State Technological School has been located in Atlanta, the city giving $150,000 toward its buildings and equipment. It will be maintained by the State, and be conducted upon the most approved models of similar schools throughout the country. The tendency of the negro schools and colleges of the city is also toward practical education and manual training, in which subject the citizens of Atlanta take a most lively interest.

No visitor to Atlanta can fail to be impressed with the healthfulness of its location and the natural beauty of its surroundings, its commanding position as a business centre, the solidity and prosperous appearance of its business houses, the wide-awake and energetic bearing of its men, the elegance of its private residences, and the charming hospitality of its kindly-hearted people.

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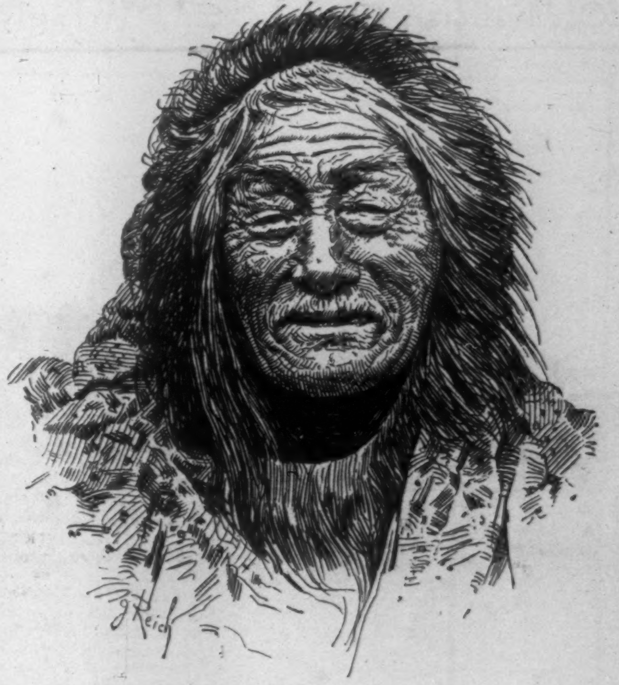
[*] The previous articles and illustrations of this series were published as follows: Lynchburg, Virginia, in No. 1563; Richmond, Virginia, in No. 1569; and Danville, Virginia, in No. 1571, of the Weekly. Copies of these issues will be sent on receipt of a remittance covering the cost of the number required.

SCENE IN A GEORGIA VILLAGE DURING THE COTTON SEASON.

Nothing could be more characteristic of the rural South than a view during the cotton season such as is shown on the front page of our Supplement. During the month of October the season fairly begins, and continues through the winter months. Early in the morning the different avenues leading into town are alive with little caravans of varied and picturesque teams. The wagons of the more prosperous are drawn by healthy mules and horses, pulling five or six bales of cotton; while the "turn-outs" of the poorer classes often show a strange combination of oxen and mules, harnessed side by side, struggling in friendly rivalry—with two or three bales—to reach their destination. The negro farmer generally brings up the rear with a rudely made cart, pulled either by a dyspeptic mule or a contrary "gentleman cow," whereon is placed the hard earnings of the year, in the shape of one bale of cotton, besides eggs, butter, chickens, and other barter. As this amusing procession slowly winds its way over the road of red clay soil, fringed with rail fences, all are happy alike in the anticipation of bargain and sale.

Before mid-day the square in front of the county court-house is reached, and there the countrymen are met by the cotton buyers, who sample the staple, classify it, and soon effect a trade. The bales are then taken to a warehouse, weighed, the farmer receives his pay, and immediately becomes a favorite with the proprietors of the village stores, where various wares and goods are displayed in profusion. Possibly last year's guano bill has to be paid, or a supply of bacon procured, but the purchase generally includes a little of everything that can be bought, including calicoes and ribbons "for the old woman and the gals." Those who fairly represent the New South, however, are able to place the bulk of their receipts in bank, or invest part of the money in new and improved farming implements.

The farmer of to-day is more progressive than formerly, and is experimenting with diversified products. The time has been when only cotton was cultivated, but the younger men, instead of buying Western meat, are raising their own pork and all produce necessary for home consumption. In many instances the colored farmer tills his own land, and though his acres are few and the yield small, yet his needs are in proportion, and by industry and good management at the end of each succeeding year he makes plenty to eat and wear, after having contributed his "one bale" among the millions.



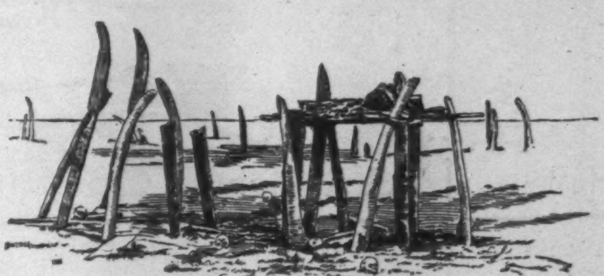
KOWAK RIVER NATIVE.

ROUND ABOUT BEHRING'S STRAITS.

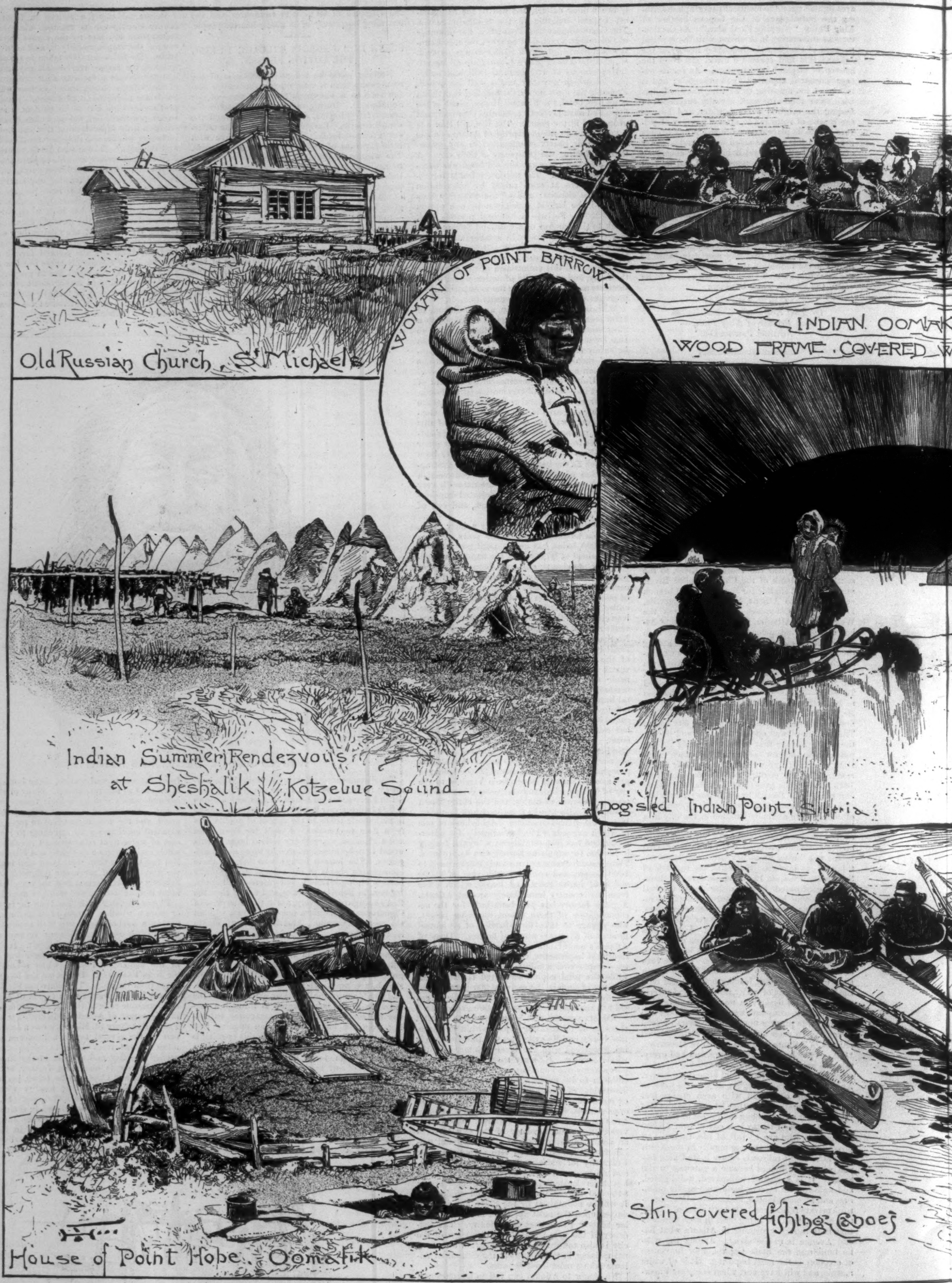
The distance across Behring's Straits, at the narrowest point, is about six times the distance from South Ferry to Staten Island—a fact which shows rather impressively how slight were the obstacles in prehistoric times to the spread of populations from Asia to America. Except for dense fogs and a chop sea, scarcely any serious impediments would have been encountered by those early navigators. The human beings who inhabit these inhospitable shores at the present day naturally possess strong claims to our interest and study, for here in Behring's Straits, and not at Eric the Red's voyage of discovery, not at the enterprise of Christopher Columbus, one might say, without too great assumption, American history makes its beginning.

Our illustrations, from points along the contiguous shores, both in Alaska and Siberia, facilitate a study of this engaging theme. Underground houses, like the one indicated in the sketch, are prevalent throughout the localities, and notably so on the American side. Usually the entrance to the house proper is through a narrow horizontal underground passageway, extending from the house itself to an opening that leads to the surface. Sometimes this opening is covered over with a rude house or shed as a protection from storms, but it is frequently without cover of any kind. On the Siberian shore deserted houses of this description have been found, the races which built and used them having passed away—a fact showing how uncivilized races may possess their ruined towns and deserted royal residences as well as more famous nations. Houses erected aboveground, such as those at Plover Bay, frequently have their frames ingeniously constructed of large bones taken from the whale and walrus, these houses being often used as summer homes. Many of the skin-covered canoes also have their frames made of bones. The *oomiak* is a boat rather liable to be upset, and the native contrives to meet this unpleasant contingency by attaching to his boat a sort of water-tight compartment consisting of a whole seal-skin sewn up tightly and filled with air. Not less curious than their boats and houses are the graveyards of our arctic fellow-countrymen. Scarcely any recollection that the traveller brings home is more striking and weird, or more hideous.

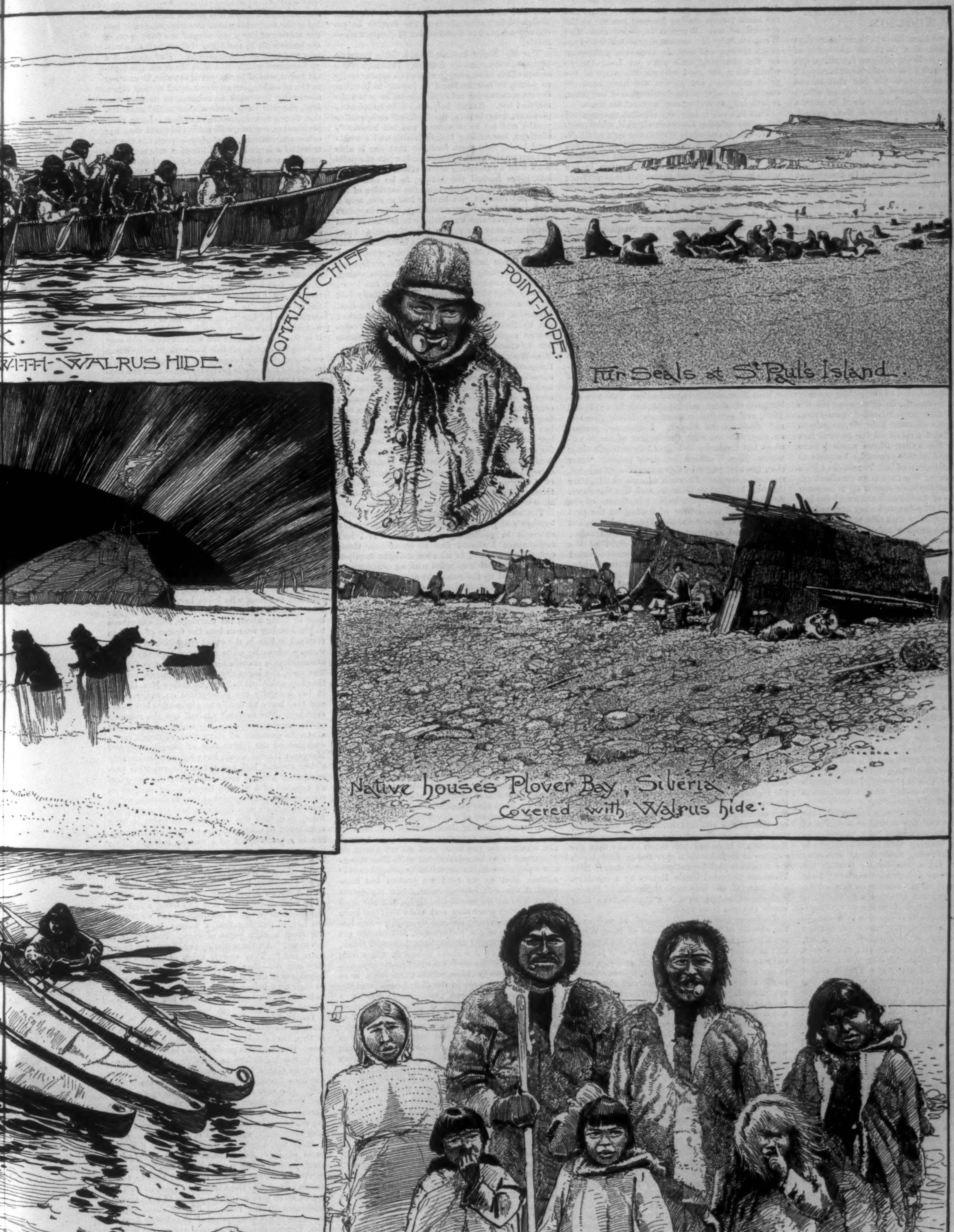
Plover Bay, in Siberia, has been for forty years or more a whaling station of some importance, having a harbor excellently well sheltered from the driving storms, which at certain seasons make navigation extremely difficult. It was here that the English naval ship *Plover* was laid up in the winter of 1848–9, when searching for Sir John Franklin. Of course the bay took its name from the ship. The church at St. Michael's (a port for the great Yukon region of Alaska) is a picturesque relic of the Czar's long domination in this corner of America. In the days of Alexander Baranoff St. Michael's was a fortress, and one of the several towns, a thousand or more miles distant from Sitka, to which merchants carried the flag and religion of the Romanoffs. Point Barrow is one point further north, and the mother and child may be taken, perhaps, for the sole residents of that locality whose portraits have reached the metropolis. St. Paul's Island, where fur seal are shown in their summer quarters, where also they are captured and slaughtered, lies far south of the straits in the open Behring Sea, and on the maps is usually a mere dot in the midst of a vast area of water.



INDIAN GRAVE, POINT HOPE.


Old Russian Church, St Michaels
INDIAN OOMAK
WOOD FRAME, COVERED W
WOMAN OF POINT BARROW.
Indian Summer Rendezvous at Sheshalik, Kotzebue Sound.
Dog sled Indian Point, Siberia
House of Point Hope, Oomatik
Skin covered fishing canoes -

AROUND BEHRING'S STRAITS.—Drawn from


K.
WITH WALRUS HIDE.
OOMALIK CHIEF
POINT-HOPE.
Fur Seals at St Pauls Island.
Native houses Plover Bay, Siberia.
Covered with Walrus hide.
Natives at Sheshalik
Kotzebue Sound

Photographs by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 111.]

MISS CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

Flooded as we have been in these latter days with copious discussion as to the admission of women to various offices, colleges, functions, and privileges, singularly little attention has been paid, by themselves at least, to the fact that in one highly important department of human affairs their cause is already gained—gained in such a way as to deprive them largely of their ground, formerly so substantial, for complaining of the intolerance of man. In America, in England, to-day, it is no longer a question of their admission into the world of literature: they are there in force; they have been admitted with all the honors, on a perfectly equal footing. In America, at least, one feels tempted at moments to exclaim that they are in themselves the world of literature. In Germany and in France, in this line of production, their presence is less to be perceived. To speak only of the latter country, France has brought forth in the persons of Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Staël, and Madame Sand three female writers of the first rank, without counting a hundred ladies to whom we owe charming memoirs and volumes of reminiscence; but in the table of contents of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that epitome of the literary movement (as regards everything, at least, but the famous doctrine, in fiction, of "naturalism"), it is rare to encounter the name of a female contributor. The covers of American and English periodicals tell a different story; in these monthly sections of the ladder of fame the ladies stand as thick as on the staircase at a crowded evening party.

There are, of course, two points of view from which this free possession of the public ear may be considered—as regards its effect upon the life of women, and as regards its effect upon literature. I hasten to add that I do not propose to consider either, and I touch on the general fact simply because the writer whose name I have placed at the head of these remarks happens to be a striking illustration of it. The work of Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson is an excellent example of the way the door stands open between the personal life of American women and the immeasurable world of print, and what makes it so is the particular quality that this work happens to possess. It breathes a spirit singularly and essentially conservative—the sort of spirit which, but for a special indication pointing the other way, would in advance seem most to oppose itself to the introduction into the feminine lot of new and complicating elements. Miss Woolson evidently thinks that lot sufficiently complicated, with the sensibilities which even in primitive ages women were acknowledged to possess; fenced in by the old disabilities and prejudices, they seem to her to have been, by the very nature of their being, only too much exposed, and it would never occur to her to lend her voice to the plea for further exposure—for a revolution which should place her sex in the thick of the struggle for power. She sees it in preference surrounded certainly by plenty of doors and windows (she has not, I take it, a love of bolts and Oriental shutters), but distinctly on the private side of that somewhat evasive and exceedingly shifting line which divides human affairs into the profane and the sacred. Such is the turn of mind of the author of *Rodman the Keeper* and *East Angels*, and if it has not prevented her from writing books, from competing for the literary laurel, this is a proof of the strength of the current which to-day carries both sexes alike to that mode of expression.

It would not be hidden from a reader of *Anne* and *East Angels* that the author is a native of New England, who may have been transplanted to a part of the country open in some degree to the imputation of being "out West," who may then have lived for a considerable time in the South, and who may meanwhile constantly have retained as a part of her essence certain mysterious and not unvalued affinities with the State of New York. Such, in fact, so far as my knowledge goes, has been the succession of events in Miss Woolson's history. She was born, like her father, Dr. Charles Jarvis Woolson, before her, at Claremont, New Hampshire, and taken as a child to live at Cleveland. She was educated partly in that city and partly at a French school in New York—an establishment which she has sketchily commemorated (if, indeed, the term "sketchy" may ever be applied to her earnest, lingering manner) in certain chapters of *Anne*. Such at least is my inference; the charming figure of Madame Moreau, in that novel, may be assumed to be a reminiscence of the late celebrated Madame Chegaray. On the death of her father, in 1869, she entered with her mother upon an unbroken residence of several years in the Southern States, principally in Florida, where, as is manifest in every page of *East Angels*, she conceived a high appreciation of orange gardens and white beaches, pine-barrens and rivers smothered in jungles, and a peculiar affection for that city of the past, so rapidly becoming a city of the future, St. Augustine. Her early summers she was accustomed to spend, in the Cleveland phrase, "up the lakes," and particularly amid the beautiful scenery of Mackinaw, in the straits between Michigan and Huron. Mackinaw is obviously the rather tormentingly nameless island represented in the early chapters of *Anne*, represented with a vividness which causes the reader of that story to rage not a little at the perversity which leads the author to desert the brilliant frozen straits and the little snow-bound United States military post for scenes less remunerative—the only case that I can remember, by-the-way, in which she has abandoned an opportunity without having conscientiously pressed it out. Miss Woolson must have known Mackinaw by winter as well as by summer, and none of her novels contains an episode better executed than those interrupted pages of *Anne* which give the sense of the snow-glare beating into small, hot, bare interiors, the dog trains jogging over the white expanse, and the black forests staring for long months at the channel of ice. When it is added that Miss Woolson is by her mother a grandniece of Fenimore Cooper, and that she cherishes a devotion for the charming little town on Lake Otsego which bears, for good reasons, the name of the great romancer, her stories will have been accounted for so far as the distribution of her years, superficially speaking, may account for them.

That is, there is only one element unaccounted for—the inevitable European element, which, oddly enough, is nowadays almost the sign and hall-mark of American experience. Miss Woolson has, I believe, of late years lived much in Europe, and yet there is nothing about Europe in her writings. She has not pressed it into service; she appears to have an unassuming suspicion that she can get on without it. Her characters sometimes sail for foreign countries (in general they move about a great deal, and take many journeys), but she does not even accompany them to the plank of the steamer, to the office where they take their berths; it is the most if she will renew acquaintance with them when they come back. Has she a story about Europe in reserve (I remember two or three very short ones, which, apparently, she has been shy of republishing), or does she propose to maintain her distinguished independence? It will be interesting to see, and meanwhile we may note this independence as an unusual phenomenon, taken in connection with her personal familiarity with Rome, Florence, Venice, and other irrepressible cities. The habit of introducing these cities usually exhibits itself in connection with a want of familiarity with them.

Miss Woolson's first productions were two collections of short tales, published in 1875 and 1880, and entitled respectively *Castle Nowhere* and *Rodman the Keeper*. I may not profess an acquaintance with the former of these volumes, but the latter is full of interesting, artistic work. Miss Woolson has done nothing better than the best pages in this succession of careful, strenuous studies of certain aspects of life, after the war, in Florida, Georgia, and the Carolinas. As the fruit of a remarkable minuteness of observation and tenderness of feeling on the part of one who evidently did not glance and pass, but lingered and analyzed, they have a high value, especially when regarded in the light of the *voicelessness* of the conquered and reconstructed South. Miss Woolson strikes the reader as having a compassionate sense of this pathetic dumbness—having perceived that no social revolution of equal magnitude had ever reflected itself so little in literature, remained so unrecorded, so unpainted and unsung. She has attempted to give an impression of this circumstance, among others, and a sympathy altogether feminine has guided her pen. She loves the whole region, and no daughter of the land could have handled its peculiarities more indulgently or communicated to us more of the sense of close observation and intimate knowledge. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that the picture, on the whole, is a picture of dreariness—of impressions that may have been gathered in the course of lonely afternoon walks at the end of hot days, when the sunset was wan, on the edge of rice-fields, dismal swamps, and other brackish inlets. The author is to be congratulated in so far as such expeditions may have been the source of her singularly exact familiarity with the "natural objects" of the region, including the negro of reality. She knows every plant and flower, every vague odor and sound, the song and flight of every bird, every tint of the sky and murmur of the forest, and she has noted scientifically the dialect of the freedmen. It is not too much to say that the negroes in *Rodman the Keeper* and in *East Angels* are a careful philological study, and that if Miss Woolson preceded Uncle Remus by a considerable interval, she may have the credit of the initiative—of having been the first to take their words straight from their lips.

No doubt that if in *East Angels*, as well as in the volume of tales, the sadness of Miss Woolson's South is more striking than its high spirits, this is owing somewhat to the author's taste in the way of subject and situation, and especially to her predilection for cases of heroic sacrifice—sacrifice sometimes unsuspected, and always unappreciated. She is fond of irretrievable personal failures, of people who have had to give up even the memory of happiness, who love and suffer in silence, and minister in secret to the happiness of those who look over their heads. She is interested in general in secret histories, in the "inner life" of the weak, the superfluous, the disappointed, the bereaved, the unmarried. She believes in personal renunciation, in its frequency as well as its beauty. It plays a prominent part in each of her novels, especially in the last two, and the interest of *East Angels* at least is largely owing to her success in having made an extreme case of the virtue in question credible to the reader. Is it because this element is weaker in *Anne*, which was published in 1882, that *Anne* strikes me as the least happily composed of the author's works? The early chapters are charming and full of promise, but the story wanders away from them, and the pledge is not taken up. The reader has built great hopes upon Tita, but Tita vanishes into the vague, after putting him out of countenance by an infant marriage—an accident in regard to which, on the whole, throughout her stories, Miss Woolson shows perhaps an excessive indulgence. She likes the unmarried, as I have mentioned, but she likes marriages even better, and also sometimes hurries them forward in advance of the reader's forecast. The only complaint it would occur to me to make of *East Angels* is that Garda Thorne, whom we cannot think of as anything but a little girl, discounts the projects we have formed for her by marrying twice; and somehow the case is not bettered by the fact that nothing is more natural than that she *should* marry twice, unless it be that she should marry three times. We have perceived her, after all, from the first, to be peculiarly adapted to a succession of pretty widowhoods.

For the Major has an idea, a little fantastic perhaps, but eminently definite. This idea is the secret effort of an elderly woman to appear really as young to her husband as (owing to peculiar circumstances) he believed her to be when he married her. Nature helps her (she happens to preserve, late in life, the look of comparative youth), and art helps nature, and her husband's illusions, fostered by failing health and a weakened brain, help them both, so that she is able to keep on the mask till his death, when she pulls it off with a passionate cry of relief—ventures at last, gives herself the luxury, to be old. The sacrifice in this case has been the sacrifice of the maternal instinct, she having had a son, now a man grown, by a former marriage, who reappears after unsuccessful wanderings in far lands, and whom she may not permit herself openly to recognize. The sacrificial attitude is indeed repeated on the part of her step-daughter, who, being at last taken into Madam Carroll's confidence, suffers the young man—a shabby, compromising, inglorious acquaintance—to pass for her lover, thereby discrediting herself almost fatally (till the situation is straightened out) with the Rev. Frederick Owen, who has really been marked out by Providence for the character, and who cannot explain on any comfortable hypothesis her relations with the mysterious Bohemian. Miss Woolson's women in general are capable of these refinements of devotion and exaltations of conscience, and she has a singular talent for making our sympathies go with them. The conception of Madam Carroll is highly ingenious and original, and the small stippled portrait has a real fascination. It is the first time that a woman has been represented as painting her face, dyeing her hair, and "dressing young" out of tenderness for another; the effort usually has its source in tenderness for herself. But Miss Woolson has done nothing of a neater execution than this fanciful figure of the little ringleted, white-frocked, falsely juvenile lady, who has the toilet-table of an actress and the conscience of a Puritan.

The author likes a glamour, and by minute touches and gentle, conciliatory arts she usually succeeds in producing a valid one. If I had more space I should like to count over these cumulative strokes, in which a delicate manipulation of the real is mingled with an occasionally frank appeal to the romantic muse. But I can only mention two of the most obvious: one the frequency of her reference to the Episcopal Church, as an institution giving a tone to American life (the sort of tone which it is usually assumed that we must seek in civilizations more permeated with ecclesiasticism); the other her fondness for family histories—for the idea of perpetuation of race, especially in the backward direction. I hasten to add that there is nothing of the crudity of sectarianism in the former of these manifestations, or of the dreariness of the purely genealogical passion in the latter; but none the less is it clear that Miss Woolson likes little country churches that are dedicated to saints not vulgarized by too much notoriety, that are dressed with greenery (and would be with holly if there were any) at Christmas and Easter; that have "rectors," well connected, who are properly garmented, and organists, slightly deformed if possible, and addicted to playing Gregorian chants in the twilight, who are adequately artistic; likes also generations that have a pleasant consciousness of a few warm generations behind them, screening them in from too bleak a past, from vulgar draughts in the rear. I know not whether for the most part we are either so Episcopal or so long-descended as in Miss Woolson's pages we strike ourselves as being, but it is certain that as we read we protest but little against the soft impeachment. She represents us at least as we would like to be, and she does so with such discretion and taste that we have no fear of incurring ridicule by assent. She has a high sense of the picturesque, and cannot get on without a social atmosphere. Once, I think, she has looked for these things in the wrong place—at the country boarding-house denominated Caryl's—in *Anne*, where there must have been flies and grease in the dining-room, and the ladies must have been overdressed; but as a general thing her quest is remarkably happy. She stays at home, and yet gives us a sense of being "abroad"; she has a remarkable faculty of making the New World seem old. She succeeds in representing Far Edgerly, the mountain village in *For the Major*, as bathed in the precious medium I speak of. Where is it meant to be, and where was the place that gave her the pattern of it? We gather vaguely, though there are no negroes, that it is in the South; but this, after all, is a tolerably indefinite part of the United States. It is somewhere in the midst of forests, and yet it has as many idiosyncrasies as Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*, with added possibilities of the pathetic and the tragic. What new town is so composite? what composite town is so new? Miss Woolson anticipates these questions; that is, she prevents us from asking them; we swallow Far Edgerly whole, or say at most, with a sigh, that if it couldn't have been like that, it certainly ought to have been.

It is, however, in *East Angels* that she has been most successful in this feat of evoking a local tone, and this is a part of the general superiority of that very interesting work, which to my mind represents a long stride of her talent, and has more than the value of all else she has done. In *East Angels* the attempt to create an atmosphere has had, to a considerable degree, the benefit of the actual quality of things in the warm, rank peninsula which she has studied so exhaustively and loves so well. Miss Woolson found an atmosphere in Florida, but it is not too much to say that she has left it still more agreeably dense—converted it into a fine golden haze. Wonderful is the tact with which she has pressed it into the service of her story, draped the bare spots of the scene with it, and hung it there half as a curtain and half as a background. *East Angels* is a performance which does Miss Woolson the highest honor, and if her talent is capable, in another novel, of making an advance equal to that represented by this work in relation to its predecessors, she will have made a substantial contribution to our new literature of fiction. Long, comprehensive, copious, still more elaborate than her other elaborations, *East Angels* presents the interest of a large and well-founded scheme. The result is not flawless at every point, but the undertaking is of a fine, high kind, and for the most part the effect produced is thoroughly worthy of it. The author has, in other words, proposed to give us the complete natural history, as it were, of a group of persons collected, in a complicated relationship, in a little winter city on a Southern shore, and she has expended on her subject stores of just observation and an infinite deal of the true historical spirit. How much of this spirit and of artistic feeling there is in the book only an attentive perusal will reveal. The central situation is a very interesting one, and is triumphantly treated, but I confess that what is most substantial to me in the book is the writer's general conception of her task, her general attitude of watching life, waiting upon it, and trying to catch it in the fact. I know not what theories she may hold in relation to all this business, to what camp or league she may belong; my impression, indeed, would be that she is perfectly free—that she considers that though camps and leagues may be useful organizations for looking for the truth, it is not in their own bosom that it is usually to be found. However this may be, it is striking that, artistically, she has had a fruitful instinct in seeing the novel as a picture of the actual, of the characteristic—a study of human types and passions, of the evolution of personal relations.

In *East Angels* the sacrifice, as all Miss Woolson's readers know, is the great sacrifice of Margaret Harold, who immolates herself—there is no other word—deliberately, completely, and repeatedly, to a husband whose behavior may as distinctly be held to have absolved her. The problem was a very interesting one, and worthy to challenge a superior talent—that of making real and natural a transcendent, exceptional act representing a case in which the sense of duty is raised to exaltation. What makes Margaret Harold's behavior exceptional and transcendent is that, in order to render the barrier between herself and the man who loves her, and whom she loves, absolutely insurmountable, she does her best to bring about his marriage, and endeavors to put another woman into the frame of mind to respond to him in the event (possible, as she is a woman whom he once appeared to love) of his attempting to console himself for a bitter failure. The care, the ingenuity, the precautions, the author has exhibited to make us accept Mrs. Harold in her integrity are perceptible on every page, and they leave us finally no alternative but to accept her. She remains exalted, but she remains at the same time thoroughly sound; for it is not a simple question of cleverness of detail, but a question of the larger sort of imagination, and Margaret Harold would have halted considerably if her creator had not taken the supreme precaution of all, and conceived her from the germ as capable of a certain heroism—of clinging at the cost of a grave personal loss to an idea which she believes to be a high one, and taking such a fancy to it that she endeavors to paint it, by a refinement of magnanimity, with still richer hues. She is a picture, not of a woman indulging in a great spasmodic flight or moral *tour de force*, but of a nature bent upon looking at life from a high point of view, an attitude in which there is nothing abnormal, and which the author illustrates, as it were, by a test case. She has drawn Margaret with so close and firm and living a line that she seems to put us in the quandary, if we repudiate her, of denying that a woman *may* look at life from a high point of view. She seems to say to us: "Are there distinguished natures, or are there not? Very well, if there are, that's what they can do—they can try and provide for the happiness of others (when they adore them) even to their own injury." And we feel that we wish to be the first to agree that there *are* distinguished natures.

Garda Thorne is the next best thing in the book to Margaret, and she is indeed equally good in this, that she is conceived with an equal clearness. But Margaret produces her impression upon us by moving before us and doing certain things, whereas Garda is more explained, or rather she explains herself more, tells us more about herself. She says somewhere, or some one says of her, that she doesn't narrate, but in fact she does narrate a good deal, for the purpose of making the reader understand her. This the reader does, very constantly, and Garda is a brilliant success. I must not, however, touch upon the different parts of *East Angels*, because in a work of so much patience and conscience a single example carries us too far. I will only add that in three places in especial the author has been so well inspired as to give a definite pledge of high accomplishment in the future. One of these salient passages is the description of the closing days of Mrs. Thorne, the little starved yet ardent daughter of the Puritans, who has been condemned to spend her life in the land of the relaxed, and who, before she dies, pours out her accumulations of bitterness—relieves herself in a passionate confession of everything she has suffered and missed, of how she has hated the very skies and fragrances of Florida, even when, as a consistent Christian, thankful for every mercy, she has pretended most to appreciate them. Mrs. Thorne is the pathetic, tragic form of the type of which Mrs. Stowe's Miss Ophelia was the comic. In almost all of Miss Woolson's stories the New England woman is represented as regretting the wholesome austerities of the region of her birth. She reverts to them, in solemn hours, even when, like Mrs. Thorne, she may appear for a time to have been converted to mild winters. Remarkably fine is the account of the expedition undertaken by Margaret Harold and Evert Winthrop to look for Lanse in the forest, when they believe him, or his wife thinks there may be reason to believe him, to have been lost and overtaken by a storm. The picture of their paddling the boat by torch-light into the reaches of the river, more or less smothered in the pestilent jungle, with the personal drama, in the unnatural place, reaching an acute stage between them—this whole episode is in a high degree vivid, strange, and powerful. Lastly, Miss Woolson has risen altogether to the occasion in the scene in which Margaret "has it out," as it were, with Evert Winthrop, parts from him, and leaving him baffled and unsurpassably sore, gives him the measure of her determination to accept the necessity of her fate. These three episodes are not alike, yet they have, in the high finish of Miss Woolson's treatment of them, a family resemblance. Moreover, they all have the stamp which I spoke of at first—the stamp of the author's conservative feeling, the implication that for her the life of a woman is essentially an affair of private relations. Henry James.

A BUDGET OF MUSICAL ANECDOTES.

The following anecdotes were told me from time to time by a musical friend who is deeply interested not only in music, but in everything that may by any possibility be said to pertain to it. I have jotted them down from memory, and if the readers of the Weekly should find them amusing, they may perhaps derive a certain satisfaction from the knowledge that the little stories are authentic, and recount actual incidents and sayings:

The choir of a certain "orthodox" church in New England once sang Mendelssohn's "I Waited for the Lord," giving it with four voices only, as they had no chorus. The start was a good one, and everything was going with a swing and a boom, when suddenly the bass failed to come in on a solo passage when he was positively due. The organist played for a full bar, and then turned and hissed, "What's the *matter* with you?"

Then, just as everybody was wondering why the bass was behind time, the singer suddenly found his voice, and burst out in really stentorian tones, "I waited for the Lord."

The people smiled, and after the piece was finished the organist sought the singer, and said, "Mr. A——, your excuse was not *quite* satisfactory."

A young lady of my acquaintance was once present at a musical party where the lion of the evening was a celebrated flute-player. After he had performed, this young lady was presented to him, and there was a general silence in the room, which added to her natural embarrassment. She felt that she must say something pleasant, so, with a happy smile, she exclaimed: "Oh, how delightfully you play! Do you ever accompany yourself on the piano?"

The artist looked at his flute, then at his fingers, shrugged his shoulders, bowed low, and said, "Never." After a moment she saw why everybody laughed.

Kotzschmar, the Portland (Maine) musical despot, was instructing a chorus in one of Mendelssohn's part songs, when he told the tenors to sing a certain passage differently. They replied that they sang it as it was written.

"Well," Kotzschmar replied, earnestly, in his broken English, "eef Mendelssohn did write it so, he did make von mistake; and if he should kom down here to-night, I vould sing dot to him my way, and he would say, 'Mine friendt Kot, you have improve him.'"

In a neighboring city a few years ago a young man who thought himself a fine musician composed a polka, which a much-pestered publisher at last consented to issue. The engraver who "punched the plates" for it (as they say in the business) told me that there occurred in this remarkable composition a passage to be played by drawing the finger rapidly over a number of white notes, and commonly called the *glissando*. Our composer, however, evidently either despised the Italian language or was ignorant of it, for in his copy this passage was marked "Slideando."

Dr. Willcox, the famous Boston organist, once went to a distant city to give an organ concert in a Unitarian church. The organ-blower was a stout old darky, who certainly felt all the importance of his own share in the proceedings. He confided to me before the concert that he feared he should not be able to give the great player wind enough, and I encouraged him as well as I could. When the concert was over, he approached me and said, "Is dat Dr. Willcox, sure enuf?"

"Yes," I said.

"Humph! It doan seem to me dat he's such a great player like dey makes out."

"Why not?"

"Well, sir, tell de trufe, he doan use no more win' dan de gemman what plays heah ebery Sunday."

It was many years ago, but I well remember the old darky's disappointment, and the Doctor's amusement when I told him of it.

A contralto singer, having made an engagement to sing at a concert in Lowell, Massachusetts, arrived at the City of Spindles in time for an afternoon rehearsal, and found upon reaching the hall that her accompaniment was to be supplied by the local band. That time-honored encore piece "Comin' through the Rye" was first tried. From the opening bar it was evident that something was wrong, very wrong indeed, though the accomplished leader of the band did not discover it until the first verse was nearly finished. By that time such dreadful sounds proceeded from a far-off corner of the stage where a clarinet-player was seated that it was plain who the culprit was. The leader rapped, and said, when silence had been secured, "What's the matter over there, Mr. Dodge?"

The old fellow looked up in some surprise, and said, "What's the lady a-singin'?"

"'Comin' through the Rye,'" replied the conductor.

"Oh! is that so? Waal, I was a-playin' 'Five o'clock in the Mornin'.'"

A friend of mine, a musician and a wag, was approached after a certain concert by the indignant father of a young lady who had on that occasion made her first formal public appearance, and who had proved conclusively, by-the-way, that she could not sing in tune, whatever her other merits might be. "Say," exclaimed the angry parent, "I just heard a fellow in the lobby say that Lizzie flatted. What the dickens is he talking about? *You* heard her sing, and *you* know. Did she sing flat?"

"Oh no," replied my friend, gravely; "she didn't sing flat. The trouble was that *the piano sharped on her a little.* Those pianos will do it now and then; I've noticed it before."

The officers at a certain United States Navy-yard are in the habit of giving receptions on board the receiving-ship, and music is furnished by the band, composed of enlisted men. It sometimes happens that the men are drafted here and there for duty, and their places are then supplied by musicians from the city. It happened once that nearly all the musicians were absent, and the music was furnished by a band who played under the regular leader at the yard—a man who had lots of "go," but very little real knowledge of music. They played for the promenade on deck an overture (that to *Nabucco*, I think) in which there occur a number of syncopations. The leader was beating time with a great flourish, and when the accent kept coming, as he thought, on the wrong beat, he grew excited, flourished his cornet wildly, and counted loudly, "*Wan*, two three; *wan*, two three;" but the men played on steadily, and at last he quit beating time, lowered his cornet, and stood with his hands on his hips till the end was reached. Then turning about, he surveyed them with a withering stare, and finally broke out, regardless of the ladies, and in a tone in which scorn struggled with rage: "Yez can *all—go—to the divvil!*"

The programmes of "benefit" concerts are often very singularly made up. I saw one last week in which one singer certainly showed the liberality of his ideas in music. He was down for two songs:

a "To be near Thee."
b "Mrs. Jones's Baggage."

H. L. Richards, Jun.

THE INDIANA SENATORSHIP.

The contest in the Democratic caucus for the Indiana Senatorship put the prophets to confusion. It was very generally said that Mr. McDonald would receive the nomination. One estimate had it that Mr. McDonald would have 61 of the 76 votes in the caucus. When the caucus met, 72 members being present, Mr. McDonald's supporters, as shown by the first ballot, numbered 26, Judge David Turpie had 13, Mr. Holman 6, and Mr. Niblack 17, the rest being scattering. On the second ballot Mr. McDonald lost two of his votes. On the third he gained one of these back, but on the fourth only one vote remained to him, the rest of his forces going over to Mr. Turpie in a body, and on the fifth ballot Mr. Turpie secured the nomination, receiving 45 ballots to 27 for Mr. Niblack. The nomination in the Democratic caucus, however, did not mean a sure and easy victory in the joint Convention of the Legislature. In the Republican caucus the nomination was secured by Senator Harrison, and when the two candidates came up for the votes of the Legislature, neither found himself with enough for election. The whole number of votes was 150. Of these Judge Turpie had 75, lacking one only of the number necessary to a choice; General Harrison had 71, and Mr. Allen, the Greenback candidate, 4. One of the Allen men was Mr. Robinson, a Democrat, who steadfastly refused to change his vote from the Greenback candidate. The balloting began on January 19, and was continued, the division of votes remaining unchanged until February 2, when Mr. Robinson announced the transfer of his vote to Judge Turpie, thus giving him the election. The change of Mr. Robinson's vote was followed by an uproar. The Republicans charged irregularities, and announced that the election would be contested. Judge Turpie is of Scotch descent. He is a man of middle age, and has lived in Indiana since his childhood. In college he distinguished himself as a student of Greek and Latin. He has served in the State Legislature, but has mainly devoted himself to the practice of his profession.

SENATOR-ELECT REAGAN.

John H. Reagan was elected on February 1 to succeed S. B. Maxey as United States Senator from Texas. Senator Maxey has served two terms, having entered the Senate in 1875, and was a third time a candidate. He was Mr. Reagan's principal opponent. The struggle over the election in the Texas Legislature was warm and long-continued. During many ballots the vote stood 49 each for Mr. Reagan and Senator Maxey, and 36 for Judge Alexander W. Terrell. A choice was reached on the thirty-first ballot, when Mr. Reagan received 71 votes to 59 for Senator Maxey, and 6 scattering.

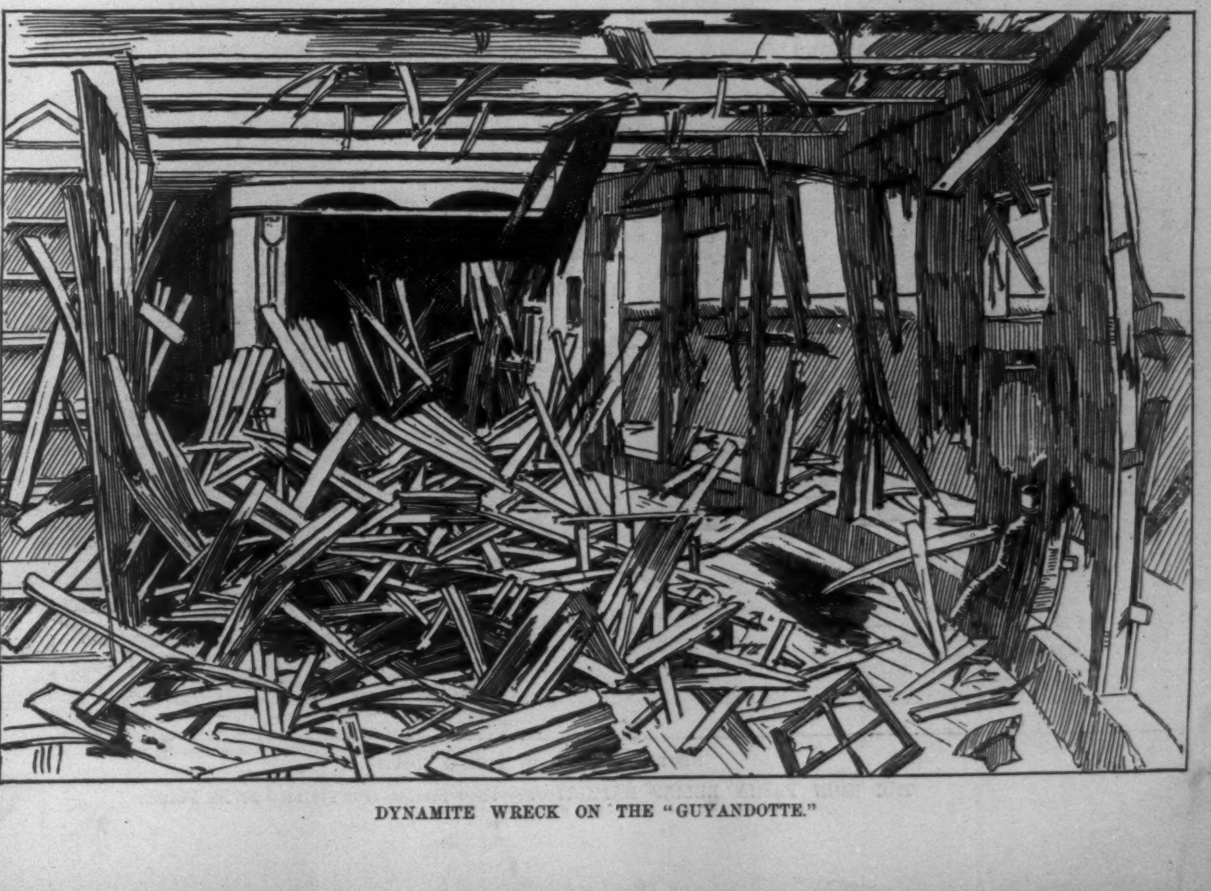
The election of Mr. Reagan means his transfer from one wing of the capitol to the other. He has represented the Second Texas District in Congress during many years, and was re-elected in November last. The new Senator was born in Sevier County, Tennessee, on October 8, 1818. His education was obtained in the public schools and at college, though he did not complete the college course. At the age of twenty-one he settled in Texas, which was then a republic by itself, having newly separated from Mexico. He practiced law and farming. He served two years in the State House of Representatives. In 1856 he was elected Judge of the District Court for six years, but resigned the office to go to Congress from the First District in 1867. He served in two Congresses prior to the war. During the war he was Postmaster-General of the Confederacy, and for a brief period before the conclusion of hostilities Acting Secretary of the Confederate Treasury. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of his State in 1875, and has been in Congress for the last twelve years.

THE EXPLOSION ON THE "GUYANDOTTE."

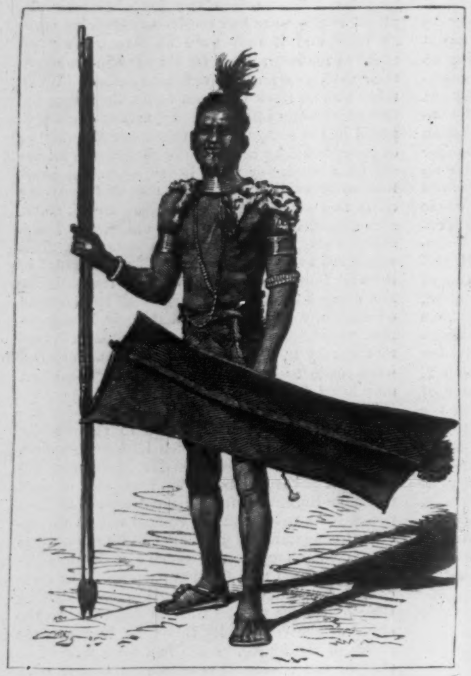
The strike of the longshoremen employed by the Old Dominion Steam-ship Company, plying between New York and Norfolk and other ports in Virginia, began early in January. It was brought about by a new rule adopted by the company with regard to the loading and unloading of its ships. Theretofore the longshoremen employed in this work had received twenty-five cents an hour, and if they were able to make "full time" of ten hours a day for six days in the week, their weekly earnings were fifteen dollars. When there was no work for them to do, they bore the loss of standing idle. The new arrangement proposed by the company was that a certain number of men should be hired by the company at twelve dollars a week for sixty hours' work, any over-time to be paid for at the old rate of twenty-five cents an hour. The men therefore struck work, and appealed to their trades-union, the Longshoremen's Association, for assistance. This was given to them in the form of a "boycott" of the Old Dominion Company. The transatlantic and other lines doing business with the boycotted company were notified that their longshoremen would refuse to handle any goods delivered to them by it, and would strike if an attempt were made to deliver such goods by means of men hired for the occasion.

This threat was so effectual that several of the transatlantic companies refused to receive any freight to the source of which its longshoremen took exception. Thereupon Mr. McCreedy, the president of the Old Dominion Company, applied to Judge Shipman, of the United States District Court, for a mandamus to compel one of the recusant companies, in pursuance of its obligations as a common carrier, to receive and transport goods delivered to it for that purpose. The mandamus was obeyed, the longshoremen waiving their objections for the time, in deference to the order of the court. By this time, however, the strike of the longshoremen had been merged in that of the coal-heavers employed by the companies engaged in mining and transporting coal from Pennsylvania to New York, and the combined strike came under the direction of District Assembly No. 49 of the Knights of Labor. The men employed to coal the steamers struck work, and the result was a total cessation of activity on the docks of the steam-ship companies, coastwise and foreign, until the companies had provided themselves with new men, who were kept at work under police protection.

President McCreedy had already refused to treat with men who had not been in the employ of his company as the representatives of those who had. The negotiators with whom he had refused to confer were the Executive Board of the Longshoremen's Association. On January 29 he brought a civil suit against the members of this board, claiming damages of $20,000 against them for conspiring to injure the business of his company. On the following Monday afternoon, January 31, the *Guyandotte*, a steamer of the Old Dominion Line, which had been loaded and coaled by non-union labor, sailed from New York with five saloon passengers, ten or fifteen steerage passengers, and a crew of forty-two. Just before the gang-plank was withdrawn, a man (who was noticed by several persons on shore, who are confident that they could identify him) left the ship hurriedly. The same evening the steamer returned to New York, having suffered from an explosion of dynamite so serious as, in the opinion of the captain, to render her unseaworthy. The explosion occurred off Long Branch, and on the following day part of an infernal machine was found on board, which left no doubt that the explosion had been wilfully arranged for the purpose of destroying or seriously damaging the steamer. The damage actually done was the destruction of everything contained in a space about twenty-five feet square on the main-deck and a large rent in the upper deck, and the repair of it will cost from $1000 to $2000. The infernal machine used is described as of the same pattern as that which, according to Captain Phelan, who was stabbed in the office of O'Donovan Rossa in 1885, was put on board the national steam-ship *Queen* in 1883.



DYNAMITE WRECK ON THE "GUYANDOTTE."



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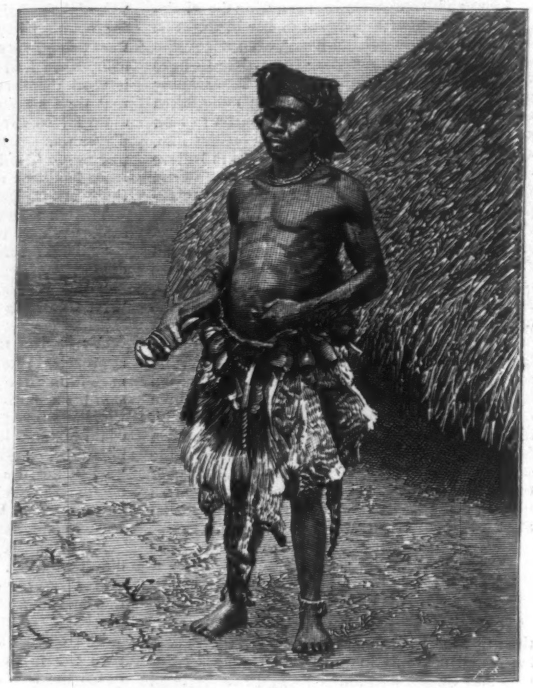


SCHULI WARRIOR.

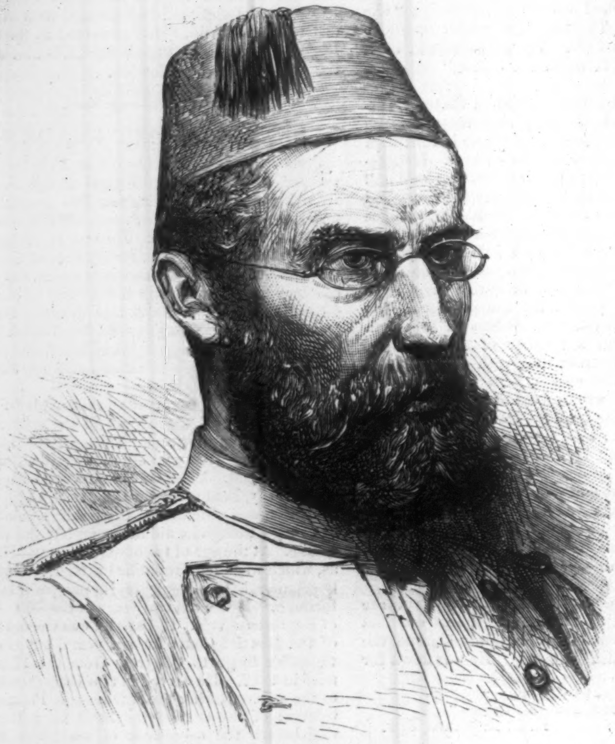
THE RESCUE OF EMIN PASHA.

Twelve years ago, Dr. Emin, an Austrian physician, who had entered the Turkish army as surgeon, was sent from Cairo to join Gordon Pasha, then Governor of the Egyptian provinces on the equator. Intelligent, enterprising, resolute, dignified, and an accomplished linguist, bent on adding African dialects to his knowledge of many of the languages of Europe and some of Asia, Gordon found in Emin Effendi not only an excellent Surgeon-General, but a valuable diplomate, to whom he intrusted several important missions. At Unyoro, for example, whither he had gone without escort, Dr. Emin secured the friendship of King Karabega; and it was this king, we may add, that gave supplies to Emin in his recent straits, as related by the brave Russian explorer Dr. Junker, who made his way through from Wadelai to Zanzibar, and thus brought the news that has aroused the world to sympathy for Emin, as formerly for Livingstone and for Gordon, and that has now sent Henry M. Stanley to the rescue.

Gordon, having been promoted to be Governor-General of all Soudan, made Emin, in 1878, Governor of the Equatorial Provinces, which after Gordon's departure had lapsed into disorder and discontent. Under the vigorous administration of Emin, who was raised to the rank of Bey, peace was re-established through his vast command, the destroyed stations rebuilt, and the slave-traders encroaching from the surrounding regions expelled; and whereas in 1878 he had found a deficit in these provinces of nearly $200,000 a year, by 1881 he had a surplus of $40,000 in the Treasury.

This change was not accomplished by excessive taxes, but by economy and executive skill. These African provinces, inhabited by several millions of people, varying in customs, dialects, and traits—some gentle and tractable, and others fierce cannibals—are divided into districts, in each of which is a military station, usually surrounded by groups of native villages. Broad straight streets are laid out at the station, earthworks built around it, and guards mounted on the parapet. Military discipline is kept up in all its details, and besides his few Egyptian soldiers Emin has for each station a large force of natives. These, at least before his late disasters, were well uniformed, and often armed with Remington rifles. Others go almost naked, and are provided with double-barrelled guns, as shown in the picture in this number of the Weekly. These troops, fortunately for Emin in his present troubles, require only a little grain for food, and do not grumble if their pay is in arrears. They are courageous, obedient, and trustworthy. Dragomans in each large village keep order and insure the payment of the taxes of grain, cattle, and ivory, which are resold to the traders to support the government.

Such are the provinces and the people that have occupied the life of Emin Bey, or rather Emin Pasha, since to this rank he has lately been raised. His picture represents him as he is, a tall, spare man, erect, with a resolute face, partly covered by a carefully trimmed black beard and mustache. He has secured the devotion of the natives by unremitting efforts for their good. A part of the day is habitually devoted by him to hospital work. He has built good roads for the people, has had them instructed in making cloth, shoes, and wagons, and in training oxen to the yoke, and according to his friend Dr. Felkin, who formed his acquaintance in Africa, and has since made known many interesting details of his life, it was Emin who introduced there the cultivation of cotton, coffee, rice, indigo, and wheat. Knowing that his people rely on him, and that to abandon his post is to let barbarism, war, and the slave-trade sweep over and engulf again the districts he has made peaceful and prosperous, he has refused hitherto, as Gordon at Khartoom refused, that personal escape which has probably always been possible to him, as it was to his companion Dr. Junker.

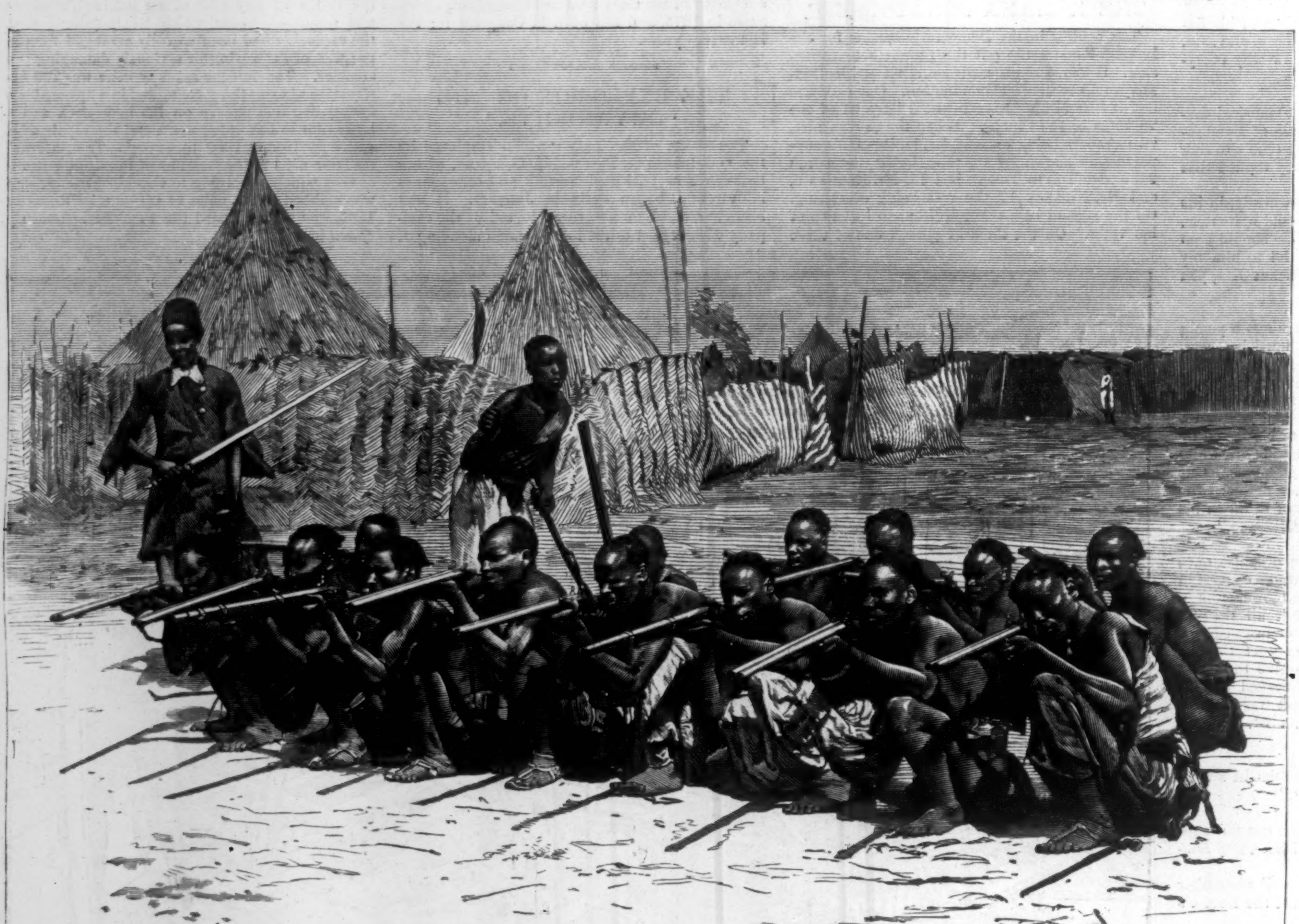


EMIN PASHA.

In the spring of 1882 Emin Bey went down the Nile to Khartoom, to consult in regard to the Mahdi, who had begun his portentous career of conquest the previous year. Gordon had already thrown up his command, disgusted with the lack of efficient support by the government. Emin was instructed to return to his provinces and defend himself the best he could. Soon after he was shut off from communication with the outer world for three years. It is now known, from letters sent by him through missionaries in Uganda to Zanzibar, that he was gradually forced to relinquish outlying stations, but in the main had held out vigorously with his handful of Egyptians and his negro forces against the Soudan rebels and the cohorts of the slave-dealers. Yielding ground only on compulsion, he at the last accounts was at Wadelai, near Albert Lake. There he had established friendly relations with Karabega, King of Unyoro; but when a recent report came that M'wanga, the fierce and powerful King of Uganda, had invaded Unyoro, and killed 10,000 of its people, apprehension for Emin revived.

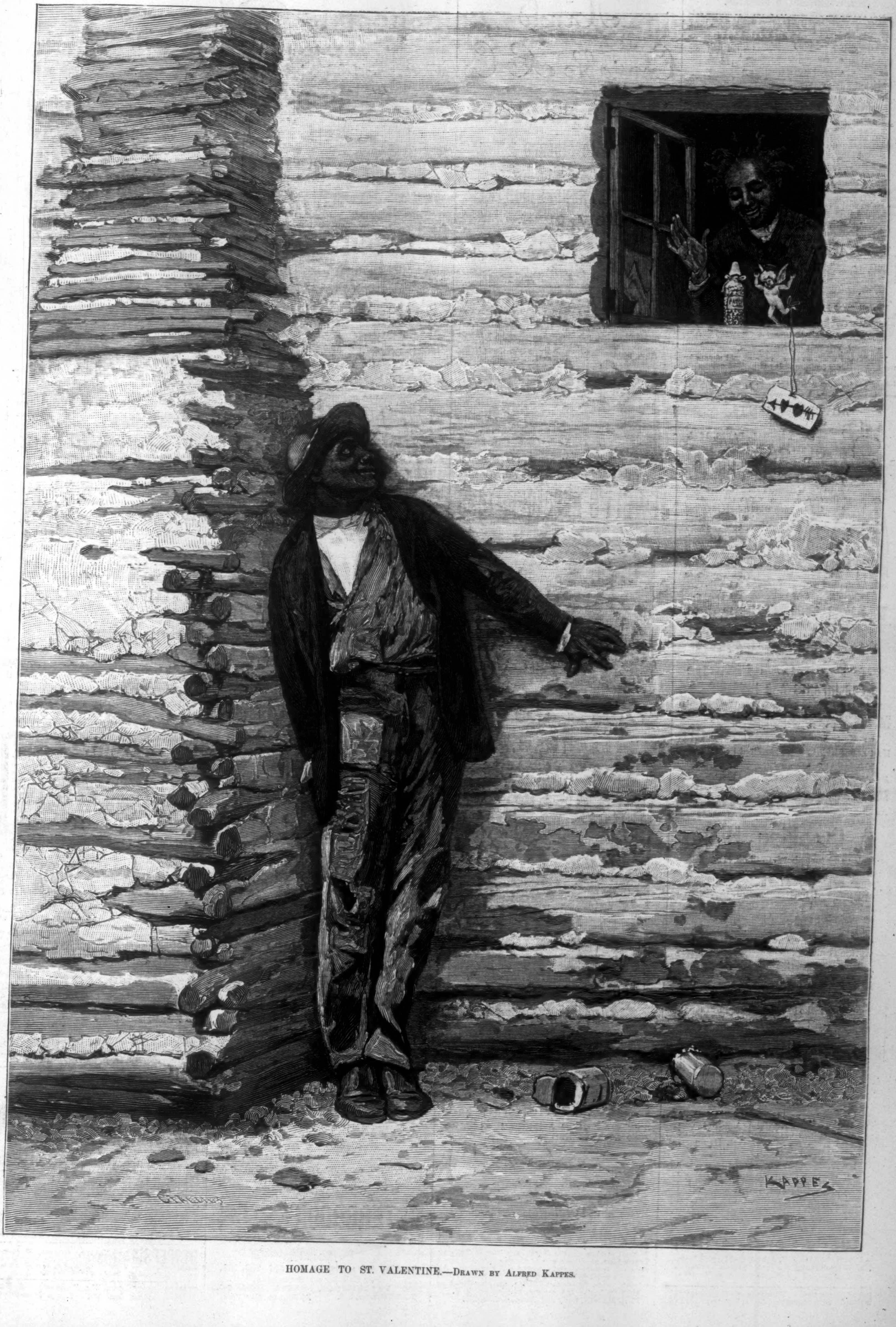
It will now be seen how many interests combine in the plan to rescue this brave and accomplished man. There is first, human sympathy. To that is added a scientific motive, for Dr. Emin has been devoting his leisure for years to most valuable studies of the country and people. There is the question of the destruction of the slave-trade, one purpose for which, under Sir Samuel Baker and General Gordon, Egypt annexed these vast domains. Finally, there is the saving to civilization and commerce of this fertile and promising region, although this consideration has practically barred the government aid which England desired to lend to the Stanley relief expedition, lest she should be accused of seeking only to plant herself in these equatorial provinces under cover of relieving Emin Pasha. Private enterprise and Egyptian government aid, however, have been adequate.

On February 3, 1887, Stanley, who was generally recognized as best fitted for the task, started from Cairo for Zanzibar on the relief expedition. Four roads lay before him—one straight through the hostile Uganda country; a second through the Masai country; a third, more southerly, by the shores of Lake Alexandra; a fourth by the Congo. Whatever the choice, the hearty good wishes of millions will attend the expedition of rescue.



NEGRO SOLDIERS IN FIRING POSITION.

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.—From Photographs supplied by Dr. Felkin.



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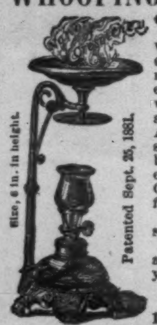
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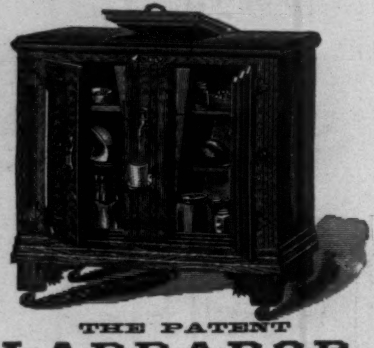

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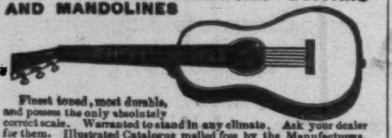

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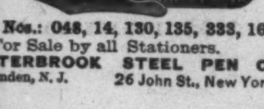

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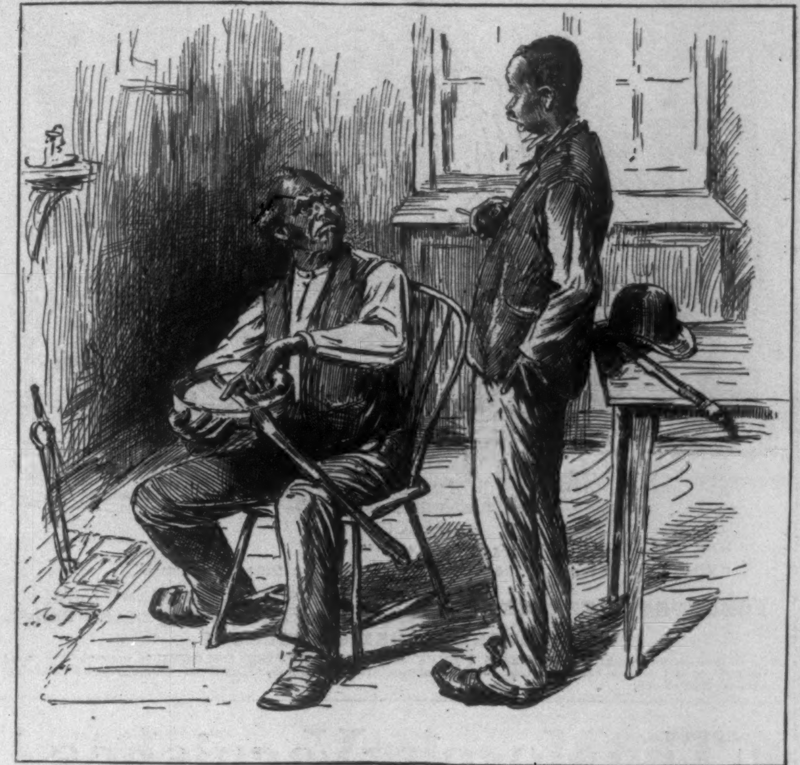

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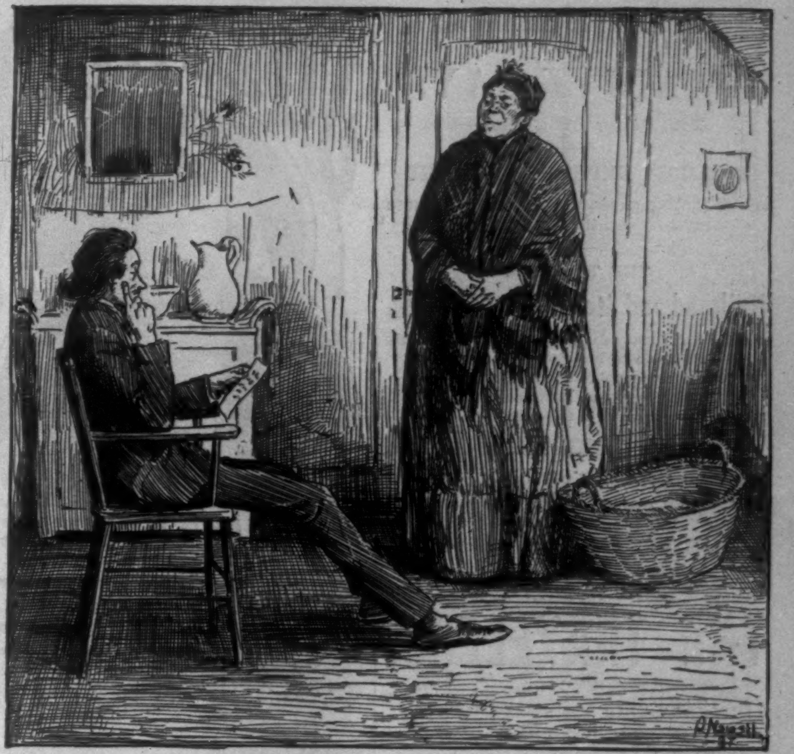

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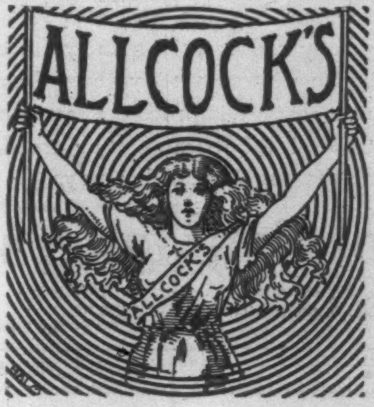

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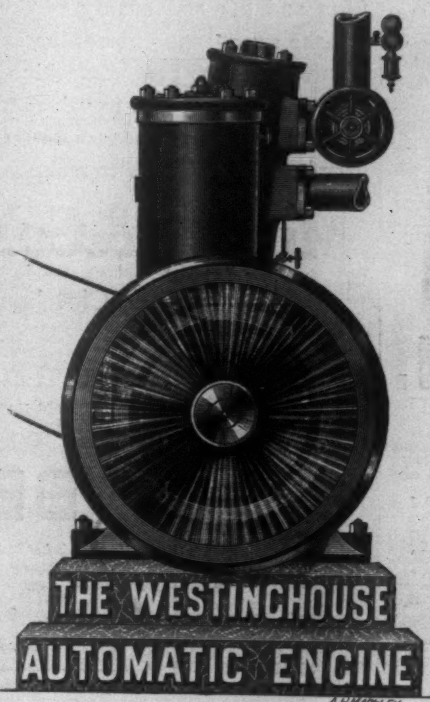

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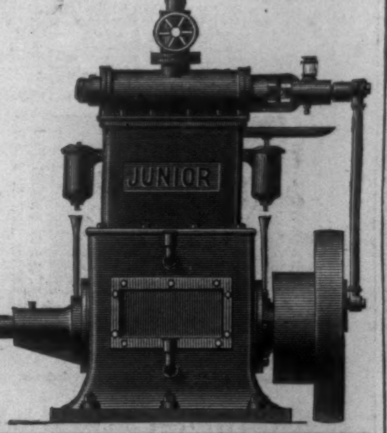

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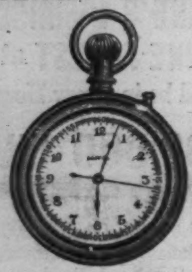

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EVERY gentle angler, if Izaak Walton were living to-day, would be sure to wear the Shawknit Stockings, since there is nothing in them to disturb the severest meditation. They fit perfectly, and are free from whatever annoys.

If you are a sportsman, send to the makers for a postpaid Price-list of their heavy and bicycle goods.

SHAW STOCKING CO., Lowell, Mass.

APOLLINARIS

THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

E&W. TRADE MARK

EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN
COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD

"Family" Buttonhole Attachment.

THE SMITH & EGGE
MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
No. 16 East 14th St., New York.

With which, applied to an ordinary Sewing-machine, a Buttonhole much handsomer than can be made by hand can be produced in less than half a minute. Price within the reach of all.

SOZODONT

BEAUTY AND FRAGRANCE

ARE COMMUNICATED TO THE MOUTH BY

SOZODONT,

which renders the teeth pearly WHITE, the gums rosy, and the breath SWEET. By those who have used it, it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth without injuring the enamel.

Sold by Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers.

C. C. Shayne,

Manufacturing Furrier,

103 Prince St., N. Y.,

Has marked down prices of fashionable Furs and Seal-skin Garments this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity for ladies to purchase reliable furs direct from the Manufacturer at lowest possible prices. Fashion book mailed free.

THE LOUIS
THE LOUIS
THE LOUIS

VELVETEEN.

The STRICTEST EXAMINER may try EVERY TEST of touch and sight without discovering that these are other than the **GENOA VELVETS**, they so closely resemble, while the peculiar arrangements resulting in the FAST WOVEN PILE, enable them to stand interminably any rough wear, which would ruin real Velvets at four times the price.

The **Genuine LOUIS VELVETEEN** has LONG BEEN THE FAVORITE in **ENGLAND** and must not be confounded with any other Velveteen.

Every yard of the GENUINE bears the name **"LOUIS,"** and a GUARANTEE of wear accompanies every yard.

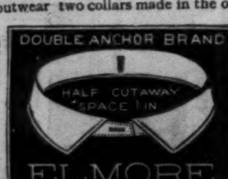
NOTE WELL.—The word "LOUIS" in connection with the Velveteen is spelled **"L-O-U-I-S,"** and in no other way.

SOLD AT RETAIL BY
STERN BROS., West 23rd Street, New York.
H. C. F. KOCH & CO., 6th ave. & 20th St., New York.
H. O'NEILL & CO., 321-329 6th ave., New York.

Wholesale Agents,
WILMERDING, HOGUET & CO.,
64 and 66 White Street, NEW YORK.

TRADE DOUBLE MARK
ANCHOR BRAND
LINEN COLLARS
PAT. SEAMLESS FOLD
ALWAYS GIVE SATISFACTION
Will outwear two collars made in the old way.

HAVE STYLISH SHAPES AND NECKTIE CURVES



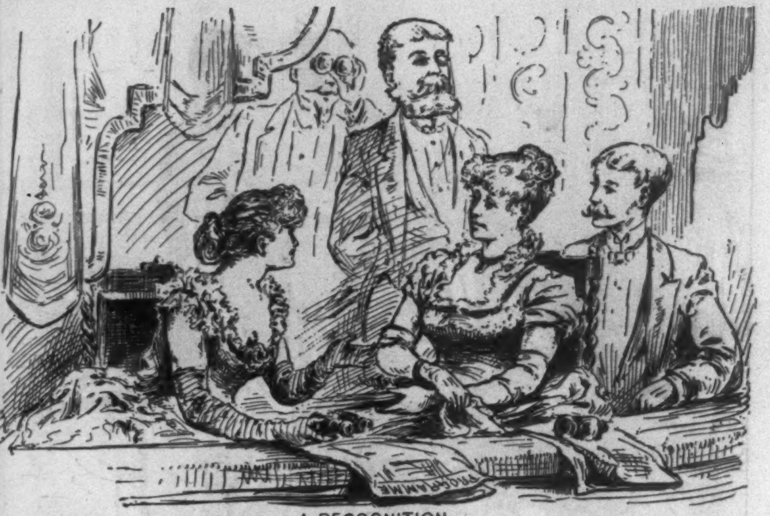
ASK FOR ANCHOR BRAND PAT SEAMLESS FOLD

SINGLE 15¢ ANCHOR — ALL THE LATEST STYLES AT POPULAR PRICES — DOUBLE 20¢ ANCHOR

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Catalogue with price list can be had of your dealer or Beiermeister & Spicer, Troy, N. Y.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.



A RECOGNITION.

"Oh! You use Lundborg's Edenia, too!"
"Why, yes. It is quite 'the thing;' and is really a superb perfume."

LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES { **Edenia, Maréchal Niel Rose, Alpine Violet, Lily of the Valley.**

LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.

If you cannot obtain **LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES AND RHENISH COLOGNE** in your vicinity, send your name and address for Price List to the manufacturers, **YOUNG, LADD & COFFIN, 24 Barclay Street, New York.**

The Murphy Varnishes

Occupy an exceedingly important sphere in connection with a great variety of manufacturing interests and industrial products. They give form and life and beauty to the costly carriage, the luxurious palace car, the sweet-toned piano, the jaunty baby carriage, the grandly voiced organ, the busy sewing-machine, and the white-winged yacht. Wherever applied they add to values, promote comfort, improve the taste, and contribute to happiness. And they do all this because they are the very best it is possible to make and are thoroughly reliable always.

Murphy & Co. Varnish Makers

New York, Cleveland, St. Louis, and Chicago.

LOWELL

The word "LOWELL" appears in CAPITAL letters in the back of Lowell, Wilton, and Body Brussels at every repeat of the pattern.

GEORGE C. RICHARDSON & Co., Agents, 178 Devonshire St., Boston, and 115 Worth St., New York.

FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY LOWELL CARPETS HAVE BEEN ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE

BEST

The grade has never been lowered, and the company unhesitatingly challenge comparison with the production of any manufacturer in the world.

Sold by all
FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

The Lowell Ingrains are wound upon a hollow stick, which the U. S. Superior Court decided to be a valid trade-mark. The public are thereby thoroughly protected against deception.

CARPETS

CASTORIA

Mother's Great Medicine for Children.

Physicians recommend Castoria.
Mothers rely upon Castoria.
Children cry for Castoria.

SCIOPTICONS, MAGIC LANTERN SLIDES
MARCY'S ELECTRIC FOCUS LAMP.
LIME LIGHT MADE EASY. SEND FOR CIRCULARS.
L. J. MARCY, 1604 Chestnut St., Philada.

SHORTHAND Writing *thoroughly taught* by mail or personally. Situations procured all pupils when competent. Send for circular. **W. C. CHAFFEE**, Oswego, N. Y.

HALE'S HONEY

OF HOREHOUND AND TAR,

A Wonderful Cure for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Croup and Whooping Cough. *Banishes Coughs and Colds where other remedies have failed.* Keep in readiness. 3 sizes—25c., 50c., $1. Of all druggists. Beware of counterfeits.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in One Minute.

GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

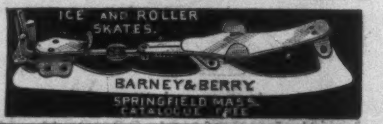
Print Your Own Cards.

PRESS, $3; Circular Size, $8; Press for small newspaper, $44. Type-setting easy, printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue, Press, Type, Cards, to factory. KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

JUDSON'S "Indestructible" ENGLISH MARKING INK.

TRADE MARK BLACK BALL REGISTERED

Black Ball Brand. **No Heat** required. A **Stretcher** for marking on, with each bottle **free.** **Price 25c.** AM. HEADQUARTERS, 46 MURRAY ST., N. Y.



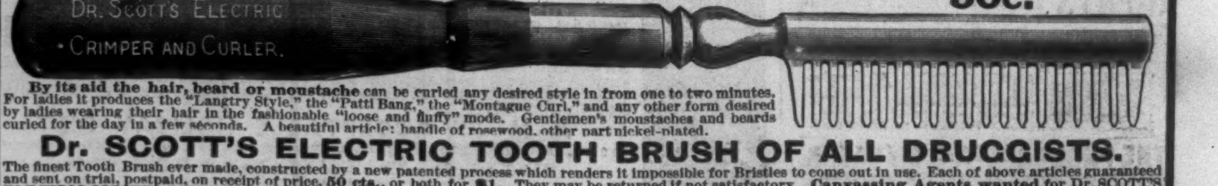
ICE AND ROLLER SKATES.
BARNEY & BERRY.
SPRINGFIELD MASS.
CATALOGUE FREE

Pall Mall Electric Association, London.

Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CURLER.

Sent on Trial, Postpaid.

50c.



By its aid the hair, beard or moustache can be curled any desired style in from one to two minutes. For ladies it produces the "Langtry Style," the "Patti Bang," the "Montague Curl," and any other form desired by ladies wearing their hair in the fashionable "loose and fluffy" mode. Gentlemen's moustaches and beards curled for the day in a few seconds. A beautiful article: handle of rosewood, other part nickel-plated.

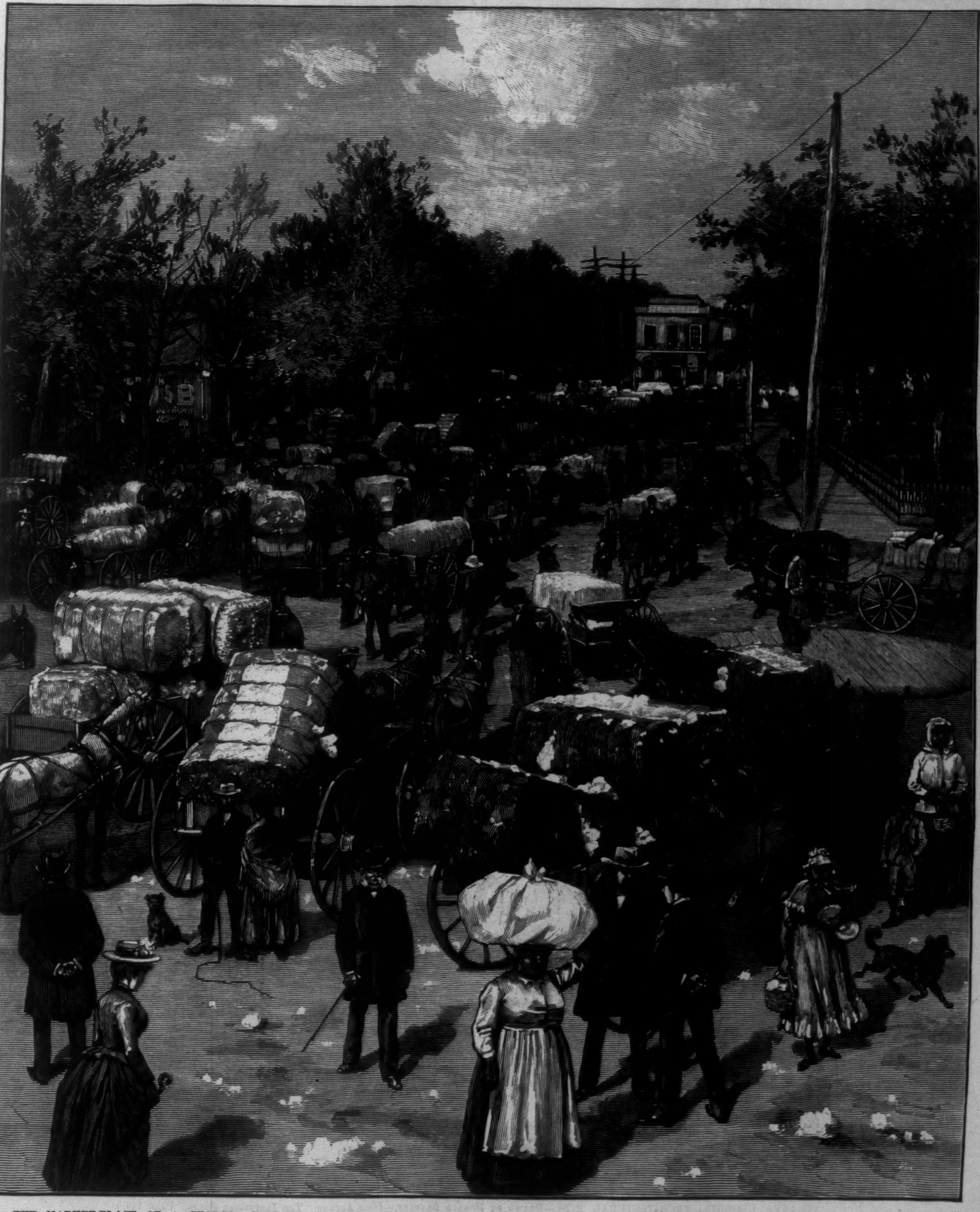
Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC TOOTH BRUSH OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

The finest Tooth Brush ever made, constructed by a new patented process which renders it impossible for Bristles to come out in use. Each of above articles guaranteed and sent on trial, postpaid, on receipt of price, **50 cts.**, or both for **$1.** They may be returned if not satisfactory. **Canvassing Agents wanted** for Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CORSETS, BRUSHES, BELTS, &c. No risk, quick Sales. **GEO. A. SCOTT**, 842 Broadway, New York. Sold at Drug and Fancy Stores. Mention paper.

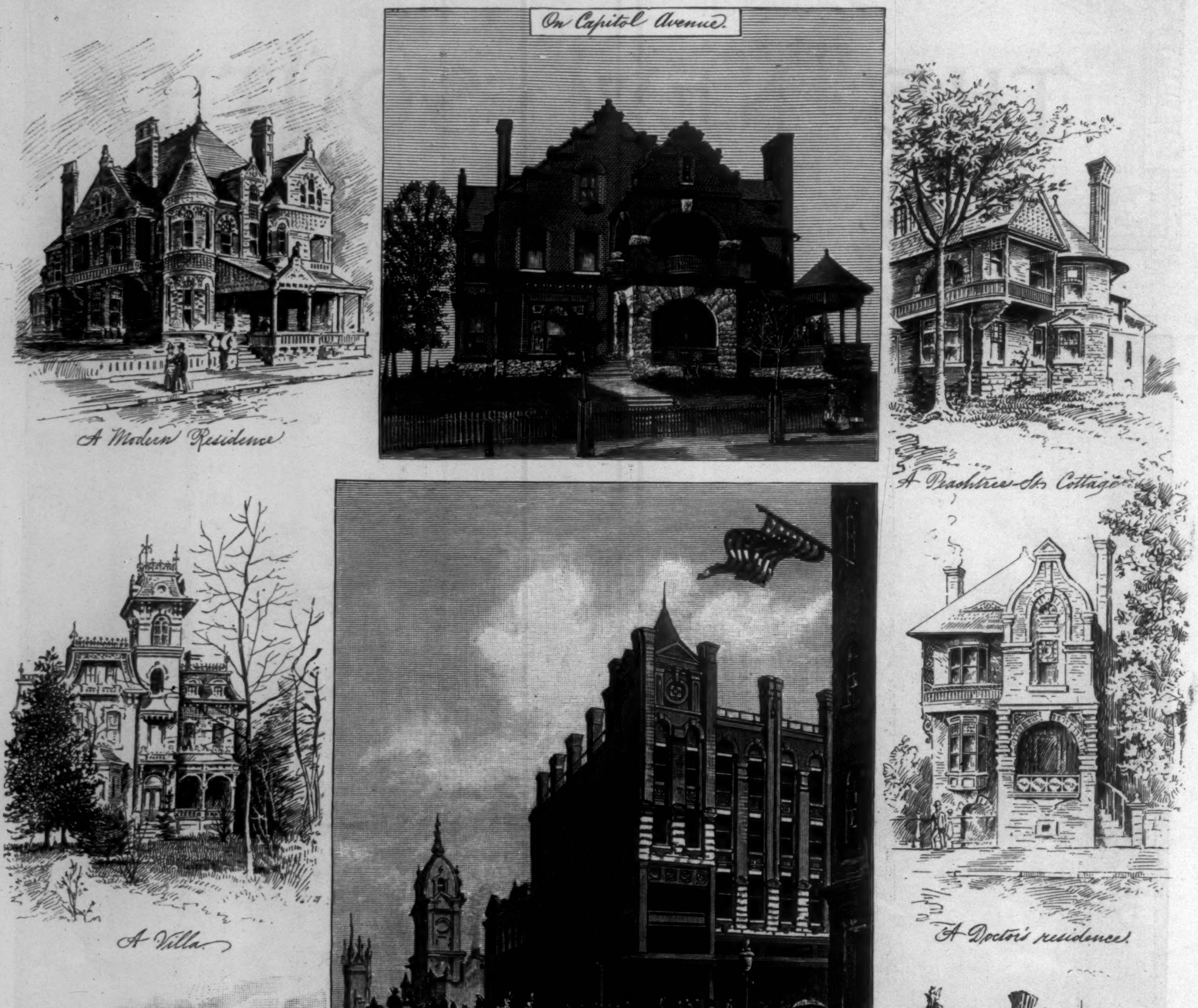
THE NEW SOUTH.

MANUFACTURES
IRON
TOBACCO
COTTON
SUGAR CANE

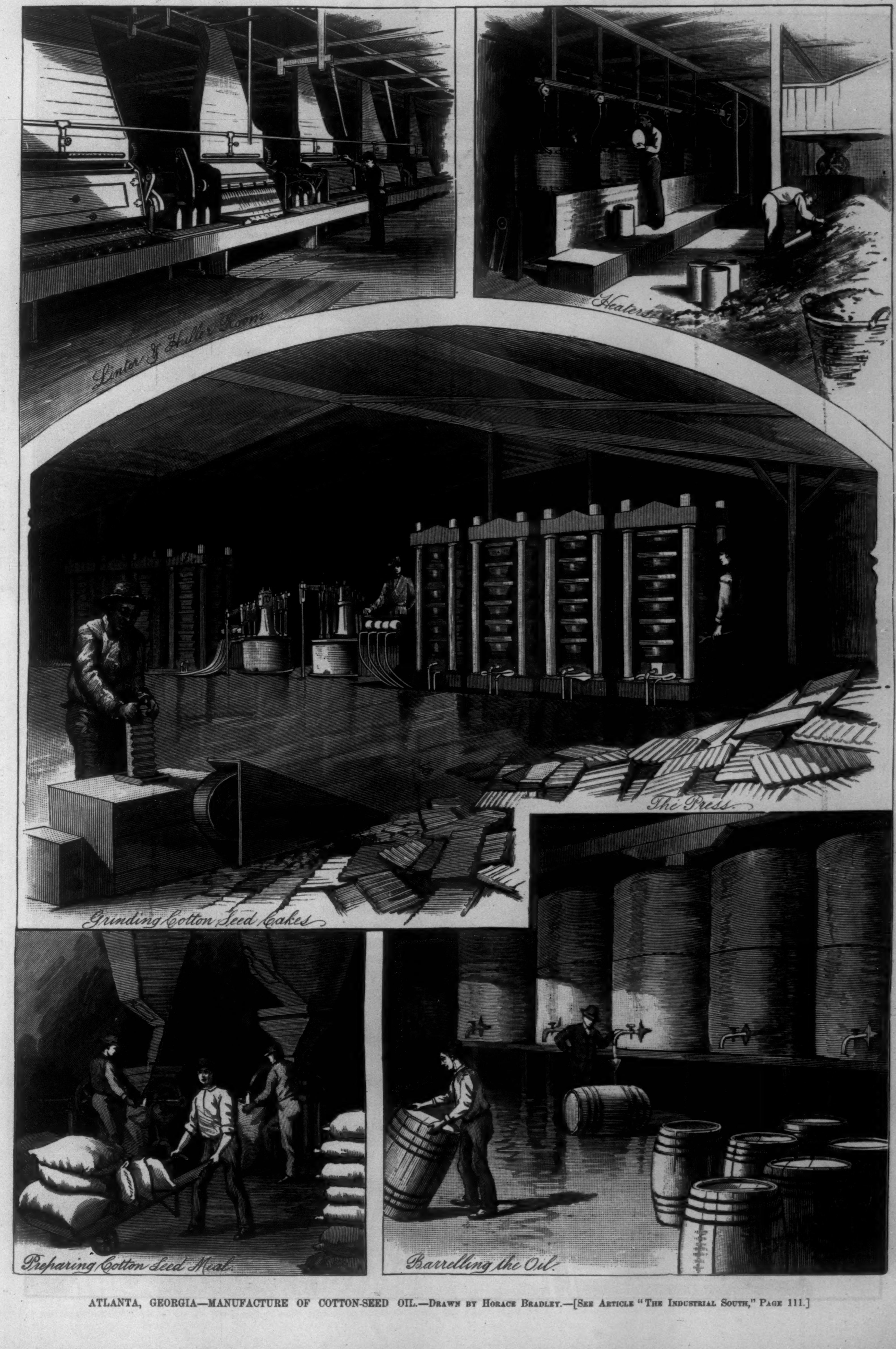
SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY, FEBRUARY 12, 1887.



THE MARKET-PLACE OF A GEORGIA VILLAGE IN THE COTTON SEASON.—Drawn by Graham and Durkin.—[See Article "The Industrial South," Page 111.]


On Capitol Avenue
A Modern Residence
A Peachtree St. Cottage
A Villa
A Doctor's residence
Cor. Whitehall and Hunter Sts.
On Washington St.
Home of a Merchant
A Suburban Home
Horace Bradley
W.S.
A Peachtree St. residence

ATLANTA, GEORGIA—ARCHITECTURAL BITS.—Drawn by Horace Bradley.—[See Article "The Industrial South," Page 111.]



Linter & Huller Room

Heaters

The Press

Grinding Cotton Seed Cakes

Preparing Cotton Seed Meal.

Barrelling the Oil.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA—MANUFACTURE OF COTTON-SEED OIL.—Drawn by Horace Bradley.—[See Article "The Industrial South," Page 111.]